The background of the entire image is a marbled paper pattern. It features a dense, irregular arrangement of circular and oval shapes in shades of tan, brown, and cream, set against a darker, mottled greenish-brown background. The pattern resembles a stone or biological texture.

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CATHOLIC

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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

SUNDAY-SCHOOL  
HYMN BOOK,

CONSISTING OF HYMNS CONTAINED IN THE  
MANUAL OF THE SODALITY, AND A  
SELECTION OF OTHER HYMNS  
ADAPTED TO CHILDREN.

---

Fourth Edition, Enlarged.

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PHILADELPHIA:  
HENRY McGRATH.  
NO. 1 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET.  
1850.

THIS little work is respectfully dedicated  
to the CHILDREN OF THE CATHOLIC SUNDAY-  
SCHOOLS throughout the United States, by  
the

PUBLISHER.



## PART FIRST.

### INVOCATION TO THE HOLY GHOST.

VENI, Creator Spiritus ;  
Mentes tuorum visita ;  
Imple superna gratia,  
Quæ tu creasti, pectora,

2 Hostem repellas longius,  
Pacemque dones protinus :  
Ductore sic te prævio  
Vitemus omne noxium.

---

SPIRIT, Creator of mankind,  
Come, visit every pious mind,  
And sweetly let thy grace invade  
Our hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made.

2 Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;  
And lest our feet should step astray,  
Protect and guide us in the way.

“Come, Holy Ghost,” arranged and adapted to  
a French Air, called “Esprit Saint, descendez  
en nous.”

COME, Holy Ghost, send down those beams,  
(bis)  
Which sweetly flow in silent streams,  
From thy bright throne above.

2 O Come, thou Father of the poor!  
Thou bounteous source of all our store!  
Come, warm our hearts with love, with love  
divine,  
Come, warm our hearts with love, with love  
divine.  
Thou bounteous source of all our store,  
Come, warm our hearts with love.

*Chorus.*—Come, Holy Ghost, &c.

Come, thou of Comforters the best,  
Come, thou, the soul's delightful guest,  
The Pilgrim's sweetest relief.

*Chorus.*—Come, Holy Ghost, &c.

---

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
With all thy quickening powers:  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

See how we grovel here below,  
Fond of these earthly toys ;  
Our souls, how heavily they go  
To reach eternal joys.

In vain we tune our lifeless songs,  
In vain we strive to rise ;  
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

---

SEE the Paraclete descending,  
Burning with celestial fire ;  
Grace and truth on him attending,  
Men with heavenly love inspire.  
Let us, Alleluias singing,  
Offer him our grateful lays ;  
He, all heavenly graces bringing,  
Merits everlasting praise.

2 Men, in every danger, fearing,  
Now the greatest dangers scorn ;  
Amidst tortures persevering,  
Show themselves in Christ new-born.  
Let us, Alleluias, &c.

- 3 Fishermen, by thee instructed,  
Jesus to the world proclaim;  
Infants, by thy grace conducted,  
Rather die than slight his name.  
Let us, Alleluias, &c.
- 4 Idols fall, the Devil ceasing  
O'er the world to be adored;  
Faith and love by thee increasing,  
All confess Thee, sovereign Lord.  
Let us, Alleluias, &c.
- 5 Source of love, our hearts inflaming  
With true zeal and virtue pure;  
Grant that we may, in heaven reigning,  
Sing thy praise for evermore.  
Let us, Alleluias &c.
- 

Ancient Melody,—or see the Paraclete.

Veni Sancte Spiritus,  
Et emitte cœlitus,  
Lucis Tuæ radium:  
Veni Pater pauperum,  
Veni Dator munerum,  
Veni Lumen cordium.

O Lux beatissima,  
Reple cordis intima,

Tuorum fidelum ;  
 Sine Tuo nomine,  
 Nihil est in homine,  
 Nihil est innoxium.

## PART SECOND.

HYMNS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT, AND FOR  
 HOLY COMMUNION.

Litany of the Sacred Heart, as sung in the com-  
 munity of the Sacred Heart.

Kyrie Eleison. Christe Eleison.

Christe audi nos.

Christe exaudi nos.

Cor Jesu, miserere nobis.

Cor Jesu, verbo Dei substantialiter  
 unitum,

Cor Jesu, Dei majestate dignum,

Cor Jesu, Dei sanctitate sanctum,

Cor Jesu, Dei bonitate bonum,

Cor Jesu, adoratione Deo debita ado-  
 randum,

Cor Jesu, amore Deo digno amandum,

Cor Jesu, ineffabile,

Cor Jesu, incomprehensibile,

Cor Jesu, sanctissimæ Trinitas sanc-  
 tuarium,

*Miserere Nobis.*

Cor Jesu, charitatis æternæ dignissima	} <i>Miserere Nobis.</i>
sedes,	
Cor Jesu, pax et reconciliatio nostra,	
Cor Jesu, hostia vivens, sancta et Deo	
placens,	
Cor Jesu, lancea perforatum,	
Cor Jesu, refugium nostrum in die tri-	
bulationis,	
Cor Jesu, spes in te morentium,	
Cor Jesu, deliciæ sanctorum omnium,	
Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi mise-	
rere nobis, Agnus Dei, &c.	

---

*Tantum ergo* Sacramentum  
 Veneremur, cernui :  
 Et antiquum documentum  
 Novo cedat ritui :  
 Præstat fides supplementum  
 Sensuum defectui.

2 *Genitori Genitoque.*

Laus et jubilatio,  
 Salus, honor, virtus quoque  
 Sit et benedictio :  
 Procedenti ab utroque  
 Compar sit laudatio. Amen.

*P.* Panem de cælo præstitisti eis,

*R.* Omne delectamentum in se habentem.

Adoro te supplex latens Deitas,  
Quæ sub his figuris vere latitas,  
Tibi se cor meum totum subjecit,  
Quia te contemplans totum deficit.

Adoremus in æternum sanctissimum Sacra-  
mentum (bis.)

- 2 Jesu quem velatum nunc aspicio  
Oro fiat illud quod tam sitio,  
Ut te revelata clemens facie,  
Visu sim beatus tuæ gloriæ.  
Adoremus in æternum, &c.
- 

Ave verum corpus natum,  
De Maria Virgine,  
Vere passum immolatum,  
In cruce pro homine.

- 2 Cujus latus perforatum,  
Unda fluxit cum sanguine :  
Esto nobis prægustatum,  
In mortis examine.

- 3 O Jesu dulcis !  
O Jesu pie !  
O Jesu fili Mariæ !  
Tu nobis miserere !

O Salutaris Hostia  
Quæ cæli pandis ostium  
Bella premunt hostilia  
Da robur, fer auxilium.

2 Uni trinoque Domino,  
Sit sempiterna gloria  
Qui vitam sine termino  
Nobis donet in patria.

---

#### ASPIRATION BEFORE COMMUNION

MY GOD, my life, my love,  
To thee, to thee I call :  
O come to me from heaven above,  
And be my God, my all.

2 My faith beholds thee, Lord,  
Concealed in human food ;  
My senses fail ; but in thy word  
I trust, and find my God.

3 O, when wilt thou be mine,  
Sweet lover of my soul !  
My Jesus dear, my King divine ;  
Come, o'er my heart to rule.



4 O come! and fix thy throne  
In the midst of my heart;  
O make it burn for thee alone,  
And from thence ne'er depart.

5 Begone ye from my mind,  
Vain, childish, earthly toys;  
In my Jesus alone I find  
True pleasures, solid joys.

---

1 WHAT happiness can equal mine?  
I've found the object of my love.  
My Jesus dear, my King divine,  
Is come to me from heaven above;  
He chose my heart for his abode,  
He there becomes my daily bread;  
There on me flows his healing blood,  
There with his flesh my soul is fed.

2 I am my love's, and he is mine;  
In me he dwells, in him I live;  
What greater treasures could I find?  
And could ye, heavens, a greater give?  
O sacred banquet, heavenly feast!  
O overflowing source of grace,  
Where God the food, and man the guest,  
Meet and unite in sweet embrace!

- 3 Ye angels, lend your heavenly tongues,  
Come, and with me in praises join ;  
Come and unite, in thankful songs,  
Your sweet, immortal voice to mine.  
Oh, that I had your burning hearts,  
To love my God, my spouse most  
dear !  
Oh that he would with flaming darts  
Raise in my heart a heavenly fire.
- 4 Dear Jesus! now my heart is thine ;  
Oh may it from thee never fly !  
Hold it with chains of love divine,  
Make it be thine eternally.  
Vain objects that seduced my soul,  
I now despise your fleeting charms ,  
In vain temptation's billows roll,  
I lie secure in Jesus' arms.
- 

*The peace of a Soul that loves Jesus.*

THOUGH all the powers of hell surround,  
No evil will I fear ;  
For while my Jesus is my friend,  
No danger can come near.

*Chorus.*

Then, blessed Jesus ! dwell with me,  
And make me burn with love of thee ;  
Oh blessed Jesus ! live with me,  
'Till I may die and live with thee.

When virtue reigns within my heart,  
And sin has lost its sway ;  
My Jesus will his sweets impart,  
And drive all care away.  
Then, blessed Jesus, &c.

With him possessed, all nature round.  
'To me more lovely grows ;  
Each pleasure heightens in my breast,  
And with fresh ardor glows.  
Then, blessed Jesus, &c.

Then, O the dear enraptured thought !  
Ah ! could I truly say,  
It is no longer I who live,  
'Tis Jesus lives in me !  
Then, blessed Jesus, &c.

---

SAVING host, we fall before thee,  
Trusting in our Saviour's word ;  
Thee we own the Lord of glory,  
Thee we own our sovereign Lord.

While our evil foes contending,  
Threaten our eternal loss ;  
Be with heavenly grace defending,  
And protect us with thy cross.

From thy Father's throne descending,  
Thou becom'st our daily bread ;  
Midst celestial hosts attending,  
With thy flesh our souls are fed.  
Come, thou source of every blessing,  
Warm our hearts with love divine :  
Let thy grace, our souls possessing,  
Make us be for ever thine.

---

~~CAN~~ it be that my God  
Comes down from heaven !  
~~Makes~~ my heart his abode,  
To me is given !  
Yes, yes, within my breast  
Soon shall my Jesus rest,  
Soon shall he be my guest,  
Nor thence be driven.

2 No, no, my trembling heart,  
Leave thee ! no, never !  
Never shall He depart.  
What can us sever ?

No, no, I hear Him say,  
With my beloved I'll stay,  
My love shall ne'er decay,  
But last forever.

3 Then, O my Jesus, come !  
Come to this dwelling,  
Make my poor heart thy home  
Make thine each feeling.  
Still, still, my blessed God,  
Feed me with this sweet food,  
Still with thy sacred blood  
All my wounds healing.

4 What, save my God above,  
Have I in heaven ?  
And what to win my love,  
Can here be given ?  
Then, then my happy soul  
Thou shalt alone control ;  
Thou shalt possess the whole,  
To thee still cleaving.

5 O, for such love as this,  
What now returning !  
What shall repay such bliss,  
But a heart burning !

Burning with flames of love  
Till with my God above  
His endless joys I prove,  
With Him sojourning.

---

*Jesus, Saviour of my soul.*

JESUS, Saviour of my soul,  
Let me to thy refuge fly  
While the nearer waters roll,  
While the tempest still is nigh :  
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,  
Till the storm of life is past ;  
Safe into thy haven guide—  
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none—  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ,  
Leave, ah, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me :  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of thy wing.

*For Communion.*

O WHAT could my Jesus do more,  
Or what greater blessing impart?  
O, silence, my soul, and adore,  
And press him still nearer thy heart.

'Tis here from my labors I'll rest,  
Since he makes my poor heart his abode  
To him all my cares I'll address,  
And speak to the heart of my God.

For life and for death Thou art mine,  
My Saviour, I'm sealed with thy blood;  
Till eternity on me doth shine,  
I'll feed on the flesh of my God.

In Jesus triumphant I live—  
In Jesus exultingly die—  
The terrors of death calmly brave—  
In his bosom breathe out my last sigh.

*Hymn to be sung at the Elevation.*

TAKE me, my Jesus, to heaven,  
To the land of unchangeable love,  
Let wings to my spirit be given,  
To soar to my country above

I am weary of life, and would fain  
All its joys and its sorrows now leave:  
I'd flee from this valley of pain,  
Bliss eternal from thee to receive.  
Then take me, my Jesus, to heaven,  
O take me, my Jesus, to heaven.

How long in this valley of tears  
Shall I linger, an exile from thee?  
O, when from the dangers and fears  
That surround, shall my spirit be free?  
When death shall release me at last,  
And my soul shall from earth wing its  
way,  
When the dream of this life shall be past,  
And I'll wake in eternity's day.  
Then take me, my Jesus, to heaven,  
Oh take me, my Jesus, to heaven.

---

*First Communion Hymn.*

WILT thou come to me, my Jesus, from  
the highest heavens above,  
And will my poor inconstant heart be the  
dwelling of thy love?  
Shall I speak to thee within my breast  
when thou hast entered there,  
Wilt thou bless and answer, O my God  
my weak, imperfect prayer?



Wilt thou turn thee from the angel band  
that press around thy throne,  
In strains of rapturous fervency adoring  
thee alone?  
Shall the golden harp of seraphim all dis-  
regarded be,  
While a human heart is thy abode in this  
sweet mystery?

Yes, thy uncreated splendor thou art will-  
ing to conceal  
'Neath the humble forms of bread and  
wine, that those thou lovest may feel,  
Not the grandeur of thy majesty, which  
fills the courts above,  
But adore thy dearest attributes — thy  
mercy and thy love.

Attend, angelic hosts, who veil your faces  
in his sight,  
Ye powers who tremble and adore—attend,  
ye seraphs bright;  
Bless, praise, and glorify his name, the  
adoration paid  
To your God, reposing in the heart which  
his own hand has made.

And thou, angelic patron saint, with the  
sight of Jesus blest,  
May our hearts be pure like thine, that  
there he may delight to rest.  
Trusting, we beg thy bounteous care—O,  
St. Aloysius, pray  
That we meet thee at the throne of God in  
realms of endless day.

---

## PART THIRD.

### HYMNS OF PRAISE AND JOY.

THEE, sovereign God! we grateful praise,  
And greet thee, Lord, in festive lays;  
To thee, great God! earth's boundless  
frame,  
With echoes sounds immortal fame;  
Lord God of hosts, the heavenly powers  
For thee vibrate the vaulted towers.  
Cherubs and seraphs throned on high,  
Still Holy, holy, holy, cry.  
Both heaven and earth aloud display  
Thy beauty, grandeur, majesty;  
Thy praises fill the apostles' choir;  
The prophets in the song conspire.

O grant us, with the saints above,  
To share thy everlasting love;  
Save, Lord, thy people, and enhance  
Thy grace on thy inheritance.  
For ever rule and guide their ways,  
Each day we'll chant aloud thy praise.

No age shall fail t' extol thy name,  
No hour neglect thy lasting fame.  
Preserve us, Lord, this day from ill,  
Have mercy, Lord ! have mercy still.  
As we hoped, so crown our pain,  
Let not our hope in thee be vain.

---

STRIKE the harp in praise of God,  
Wake the timbrel's louder mirth ;  
Glorious the song must be  
Of the great Creator's worth.  
Nature, in her calmness, raises  
Strains of gladness, peace, and love,  
Man re-echoes forth her praises,  
Glory to the God above.

*Chorus*—Strike the harp, &c.

Honor him, ye host of heaven !  
Worship him, ye realms below !  
Not with outward form alone,  
But with hearts that purely glow.

He who rules the earth—the ocean—  
Keepeth silent watch o'er thee,  
He can tell with what devotion  
Bows the heart, or bends the knee.  
*Chorus*—Strike the harp, &c.

---

*Sound the loud Timbrel.*

SOUND the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark  
sea!

Jehovah has triumphed, his people are  
free!

Sing, for the pride of the tyrant is broken,  
His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and  
brave!

How vain was their boasting,  
The Lord hath but spoken,  
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the  
wave.

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!  
His word was our arrow, his breath was  
our sword!

Who shall return to tell Egypt the story  
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her  
pride?

For the Lord hath looked out from his pillar of glory,  
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.  
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,  
Jehovah has triumphed, his people are free !

---

TRIUMPHANT Zion ! lift thy head  
From dust, and darkness, and the dead ;  
Though humbled long, awake at length,  
And gird thee with thy Saviour's strength.  
Put all thy beauteous garments on,  
And let thy excellence be known ;  
Decked in the robes of righteousness,  
The world thy glories shall confess.  
No more shall foes unclean invade,  
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread ;  
No more shall hell's insulting host  
Their victory and thy sorrows boast.  
God from on high has heard thy prayer,  
His hands thy ruin shall repair :  
Nor will thy watchful monarch cease  
To guard thee in eternal peace.

O ALL ye people the Lord has made,  
Sing glory to his holy name;  
To him be endless honors paid,  
Let every tongue his love proclaim.  
Praise to the Lord who all things made,  
And glory to his holy name:  
To him be endless honors paid;  
Let every tongue his love proclaim.

O sing his praise, ye heavenly choirs,  
Who stand around his awful throne,  
Repeat on your immortal lyres,  
That praise belongs to him alone.  
Praise to the Lord, &c.

Thou glorious sun, his image bright,  
Who rulest the seasons and the days,  
And thou, fair moon, who rulest the night,  
Unite in your Creator's praise.  
Praise to the Lord, &c.

Praise him, ye stars, whose trembling  
lights  
Like scattered pearls adorn the sky;  
Your silent course each heart invites  
To praise the Lord who reigns on high.  
Praise to the Lord, &c.

*The Smile of Jesus.*

SWEET is the face of nature,  
When flowers deck the vales ;  
When air is filled with fragrance,  
Wafted by vernal gales  
Yet zephyrs vainly fan me,  
And flowers to groves invite ;  
Without the smile of Jesus,  
They give me no delight.

Sweet are the shady bowers—  
The silent, still retreat—  
The sunshine, after showers,  
And morning air are sweet.  
But vain are nature's beauties,  
And lost her sweets to me  
Dear Jesus, naught can charm me,  
Without a smile from thee.

Though crystal streams meander,  
And fertilize the plain,  
Though gentle zephyrs wander,  
And waft each pleasing strain—  
Though valleys, groves, and fountains  
Unite to charm my sight,  
Without the smile of Jesus,  
They cannot give delight.

Jesus, thy smile of mercy  
Can make my spirit whole;  
And drive the shades of sadness  
From my afflicted soul.  
O pardon my transgressions,  
And purify my heart;  
Speak all my sins forgiven,  
And bid my fears depart.

For thee my spirits languish,  
While all my joys are fled;  
O smile away this anguish,  
And raise my drooping head!  
Then saints shall hear my story  
And share my happiness;  
While thine shall be the glory,  
And mine the endless bliss.

---

EARTH, with her ten thousand flowers,  
Air, with all its beams and showers,  
All around, and all above,  
Hath this record, "God is love."

Sounds among the vales and hills,  
In the woods, and by the rills,  
All these songs, beneath, above,  
Have one burthen, "God is love."



All the charities that start  
From the fountains of the heart,  
These are voices from above,  
Sweetly whispering, "God is love."

Earth with her ten thousand flowers,  
Air with all its beams and showers,  
All are voices from above,  
Loudly sounding, "God is love."

---

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise!

And put your armor on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies  
Through his eternal Son.  
Strong in the Lord of hosts,  
And in his mighty power;  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,  
Is more than conqueror.

Soldiers of Christ, arise!

The God of armies calls  
Unto his mansions in the skies,  
His everlasting halls;  
Lo! the angel host appears,  
To welcome you to bliss;  
O, what is earth, its sighs and tears,  
Its joys, compared to this.

Crushed is the haughty foe,  
His might, his glory gone:  
But ye, with victory crowned, shall go  
To Christ's eternal throne.  
There shall the conqueror rest,  
And in that blest abode  
For ever reign amid the blest,  
Triumphant with his God.

---

HARK! my soul, how every thing  
Strives to serve our beauteous King;  
Each a double tribute pays,  
Sings its part, and then obeys.  
Nature's chief and sweetest choir,  
Him with cheerful notes admire;  
Chanting every day their lauds,  
While the grove their song applauds.  
Though their voices lower be,  
Streams have too their melody;  
Night and day they warbling run,  
Never pause, but still sing on.  
All the flowers that gild the spring,  
Hither their still music bring;  
If heaven bless them, thankful, they  
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Only we can scarce afford  
This short office to our Lord ;  
We, on whom his bounty flows,  
All things gives, and nothing owes.

Wake, for shame, my slothful heart,  
Wake, and gladly sing thy part :  
Learn of birds and springs and flowers,  
How to use thy noble powers.

Call all nature to thy aid,  
Since 'twas He all nature made ;  
Join in one eternal song,  
Who to one God all belong.

Live for ever, glorious Lord !  
Live, by all thy works adored :  
One in Three and Three in One,  
Thrice we bow to Thee alone.

---

HARK ! how the watchmen cry,—  
Attend the trumpet's sound ;  
Be firm in faith, the foe is nigh,  
The powers of hell surround.  
Who bow to Christ's command,  
Your arms and hearts prepare ;  
The day of battle is at hand, }  
Go forth to glorious war. } bis.

See on the mountain top  
The standard of our God;  
In Jesus' name 'tis lifted up,  
All stained with hallowed blood.  
All power to him is given,  
He ever rules the same;  
Salvation, happiness, and heaven }  
Are all in Jesus' name. } bis.

---

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,  
As we journey, let us sing;  
Sing our Saviour's worth and praise,  
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,  
In the way our fathers trod;  
They are happy now, and we  
Soon their happiness shall see.

O, ye banished seed, be glad,  
Christ our advocate is made;  
Us to save, our flesh assumes,  
Brother to our souls becomes.

Lord, obediently we go,  
Gladly leaving all below;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow Thee.

THE Lord himself, the mighty God,  
Vouchsafes to be my guide;  
The Shepherd by whose constant care  
My wants are all supplied.

In verdant meads he makes me feed,  
And gently there repose;  
Then leads me to cool shades, and where  
Refreshing water flows.

He does my wandering soul reclaim,  
And to his endless praise,  
Instructs with humble zeal to walk  
In his most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death,  
From fear and danger free,  
For there, his aiding rod and staff  
Defend and comfort me.

In presence of my spiteful foes,  
He does my table spread;  
He crowns my cup with cheerful wine,  
With oil anoints my head.

Since God doth thus his wondrous love  
Through all my life extend,  
That life to him I will devote,  
And in his temple spend.

For other joyful hymns, look at the Hymns for  
Easter, Ascension, &c.

*Hymn for Confessors.*

THIS day, with gladness, Christian choirs  
    proclaim  
His combats, triumph, faith, and glorious  
    name,  
Who boldly Christ on earth confessed,  
And now exults among the blessed.

Prudence and piety adorned his life,  
Unstained with ill, and undisturbed by strife;  
Chaste, humble, meek, he kept his heart,  
'Till bid by Heaven from life depart.

Th' Almighty now His servant's glory  
    shows,  
And signal favors through his prayers be-  
    stows;  
Diseases fly before his shrine,  
And health returns by power divine.

Let's, then, in thankful songs our voices  
    raise,  
And sing to him the solemn hymn of praise,  
That by his prayers, the Almighty may  
His favors to our souls convey.

Angels now praise him,  
Loud their voices raising ;  
'The heavenly mansions with joy now ring—  
'To him who is most holy,  
Be honor, praise, and glory.  
Let us hasten, &c.

To Jesus, this day born,  
Grateful homage return,  
'Tis he who all heavenly gifts doth bring ;  
Word increated,  
To our flesh united.  
Let us hasten, &c.

We, joyfully singing,  
Grateful tributes bringing,  
Praise him and bless him in heavenly  
hymns.  
Angels implore him,  
Seraphs fall before him.  
'Then ever let us adore him—our God and  
King.

---

To worship thy Redeemer's birth,  
Creation's works arise ;  
'The heavenly host aloud proclaims  
The natal day of Christ.

*Chorus.*

Come, gratitude and love,  
Come, animate our tongues ;  
A God incarnate from above  
Demands our loftiest songs :  
A God, a God incarnate from above,  
Demands our loftiest, sweetest songs.

He comes, borne on the wings  
Of heavenly love ; he comes  
To ransom human kind : behold,  
He comes, the Eternal Son.  
Come, gratitude, &c.

O kneel and bless the humble garb  
That wraps the beauteous babe :  
From his high throne his Father cries,  
Your souls he is born to save.  
Come, gratitude, &c.

Redemption's sacred chart  
His infant hand unfurls ;  
And lo ! on straw the infant lies,  
The God of thousand worlds.  
Come, gratitude, &c.



*The Holy Name of Jesus.*

JESUS, the only thought of thee  
With sweetness fills my breast,  
But sweeter far it is to see,  
And on thy beauty feast.  
No sound, no harmony so gay,  
Can art of music frame,  
No thought can reach, no words can say  
The sweets of thy blest name.

Jesus, our hope when we repent,  
Sweet source of all our grace;  
Sole comfort in our banishment,  
O what when face to face!  
Jesus! that name inspires my mind  
With springs of life and light;  
More than I ask in thee I find,  
And languish in delight.

No art nor eloquence of man  
Can tell the joys of love;  
Only the spirits can understand  
What they in Jesus prove.  
'Thee then I'll seek, retired apart,  
From world and business free,  
When these shall knock, I'll shut my heart,  
And keep it all for thee.

Before the morning light I'll come,  
With Magdalen, to find,  
In sighs and tears, my Jesus' tomb,  
And there refresh my mind.  
My tears upon his grave shall flow,  
My sighs the garden fill,  
Then at his feet myself I'll throw,  
And there I'll seek his will.

---

*Easter.*

YOUNG men and maids, rejoice and sing :  
The King of heaven, the glorious King,  
This day from death rose triumphing, Al-  
leluia.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

On Sunday morn, by break of day.  
His dear disciples haste away,  
Unto the tomb wherein he lay, Alleluia.  
Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

And Magdalen, in company  
With Mary of James and Salome,  
To embalm the corpse, came zealously, Al-  
leluia.

Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia.

An angel clothed in white they see,  
When thither come, and thus spoke he,  
"The Lord you'll meet in Galilee," Alle-  
lulia.

Allelulia, allelulia, allelulia.

The dear beloved apostle John  
Much swifter than St. Peter ran,  
And first arrived at the tomb, Allelulia.  
Allelulia, allelulia, allelulia.

While in a room the apostles were,  
Our Lord among them did appear,  
And said, Peace be unto all here, Allelulia.  
Allelulia, allelulia, allelulia.

O! Thomas, view my hands, my side,  
My feet; my wounds still fresh abide;  
Set incredulity aside, Allelulia.  
Allelulia, allelulia, allelulia.

When Thomas his dear Saviour saw,  
And touched his wounds with trembling  
awe,  
Thou art my God, said he, I know, Alle-  
lulia.  
Allelulia, allelulia, allelulia.

Blessed are they who have not seen,  
And yet whose faith entire has been;  
Them endless life from death shall screen,  
Allelulia.

Allelulia, allelulia, allelulia.

---

*Solo*—**STRIKE** the cymbal, roll the timbrel,  
Let the trump of triumph sound;

*Chorus*—Joyous singing, tributes bringing  
Th' isles exult and seas resound

Lo! he's risen from death's dark prison,  
Rays divine his eyes relume;  
Judah's Lion, King of Sion,  
Lord o'er hell, hath fled the tomb.

Allelulia, allelulia.

Mortals, strike your tuneful lyres,  
Holy mirth the day inspires.  
Judah's Lion, King of Sion,  
Lord o'er hell, hath fled the tomb.

God of thunder, Lord of wonder,  
Vain are mortals, vain their boasts.  
What are nations, what their stations?  
Christ our God is Lord of hosts.

What are Jewry's monarchs now?  
Low before Emmanuel bow,  
Lord eternal, God supreme,  
Mortals, mortals to redeem.

Praise him, praise him,  
Exulting nations praise him,  
Praise him, praise him,  
Exulting nations praise,  
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna.

---

*Ascension.*

OUR Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high,  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragged to the portals of the sky.

There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay;  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates—  
Ye everlasting doors, give way!

Loose all your bars of massive light,  
And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;  
He claims these mansions as his right,  
Receive the King of glory in.

Who is the King of glory?—who?  
The Lord, that all his foes o'ercame;  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew,  
And Jesus is the conqueror's name.

Lo! his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay;  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates—  
Ye everlasting doors, give way.

Who is the King of glory?—who?  
The Lord, of glorious power possessed;  
The King of saints, and angels too;  
God over all, for ever blessed.

---

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes  
Up to the courts above,  
And smile to see the Father there,  
Upon a throne of love.

The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss  
Are opened by the Son;  
High let us raise our notes of praise, } *twice.*  
And reach the Almighty throne. }

O heaven! O land of pure delight,  
Where saints immortal reign,  
Whence endless day excludes the night,  
And pleasures banish pain!

When shall my soul, from darkness free,  
To thy bright seats remove,  
For e'er to praise my dearest Lord } *twice.*  
In endless peace and love?

---

*Trinity Sunday.*

LET us give immortal praise  
To God the Father's love,  
For all our blessings here,  
And better hopes above.  
He sent his own  
Eternal Son,  
To die for sins  
Which we have done.

To God the Son belongs  
Immortal glory too,  
Who saved us with his blood  
From everlasting woe.  
Now Jesus lives,  
And glorious reigns,  
And reaps the fruit  
Of all his pains.

To God the Holy Ghost  
Immortal worship give,  
Whose new-creating power  
Makes the dead sinner live.  
His work completes  
The great design,  
And fills the soul  
With joy divine.

Almighty God, to thee  
Be endless honors done,  
The consubstantial Three,  
And undivided One.  
Where reason fails,  
With all its powers,  
There faith prevails,  
And love adores.

---

*For Sunday.*

O, great Creator of the light,  
Who, from the darksome womb of night,  
Brought'st forth new light at nature's birth,  
To shine upon the face of earth ;

Who by the morn and evening ray  
Hast measured time and called it day,  
Whilst sable night involves the spheres,  
Vouchsafe to hear our prayers and tears.



Lest our frail minds, with sin defiled,  
From gifts of life should be exiled,  
Whilst on no heavenly thing she thinks,  
But twines herself in Satan's links.

O, may she soar to heaven above,  
The happy seat of life and love ;  
Meantime all sinful actions shun,  
And purge the foul ones she hath done.

This prayer, most gracious Father, hear ;  
Thy equal Son, incline his ear,  
Who, with the Holy Ghost and thee,  
Doth live and reign eternally.

---

## PART SIXTH.

IN HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

KYRIE eleison.

Christe eleison.

Kyrie eleison.

Christie audi nos.

Christie exaudi nos.

Pater de cœlis, Deus, miserere nobis.

Fili Redemptor mundi Deus, miserere nobis.

Spiritus Sancte Deus, miserere nobis.

Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus, miserere nobis.

Sancta Maria,  
Sancta Dei genitrix,  
Sancta virgo virginum,  
Mater Christi,  
Mater divinæ gratiæ,  
Mater purissima,  
Mater castissima,  
Mater inviolata,  
Mater intemerata  
Mater amabilis,  
Mater admirabilis,  
Mater Creatoris,  
Mater Salvatoris,  
Virgo prudentissima,  
Virgo veneranda,  
Virgo prædicanda,  
Virgo potens,  
Virgo clemens,  
Virgo fidelis,  
Speculum justitiæ,  
Sedes sapientiæ,  
Causa nostræ lætitiæ,  
Vas spirituale,  
Vas honorabile,  
Vas insigne devotionis,  
Rosa mystica,  
Turris Davidica,

Ora pro nobis.

Turris eburnea,  
 Domus aurea,  
 Fœderis arca,  
 Janua cœli,  
 Stella matutina,  
 Salus infirmorum,  
 Refugium peccatorum,  
 Consolatrix afflictorum,  
 Auxilium Christianorum,  
 Regina angelorum,  
 Regina patriarchum,  
 Regina prophetarum,  
 Regina apostolorum,  
 Regina martyrum,  
 Regina confessorum,  
 Regina virginum,  
 Regina sanctorum omnium,  
 Regina sine labe concepta,

Ora pro nobis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,  
 parce nobis, Domine.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,  
 exaudi nos, Domine.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,  
 miserere nobis.

Christe audi nos. Christe exaudi nos.

Ave Maria! gratia plena, Dominus tecum;  
 benedicta tu in mulieribus, et bene-

dictus fructus ventris tui, Jesus. Sancta Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis peccatoribus, nunc et in hora mortis nostræ. Amen.

---

O SANCTISSIMA! O purissima!  
Dulcis Virgo Maria.

Mater amata, intemerata,  
Ora, ora pro nobis.

Tota pulchra es, O Maria!  
Et macula non est in te.

Mater amata, &c.

Sicut lilium inter spinas,  
Sic Maria inter filias.

Mater amata, &c.

---

Ave maris stella!  
Dei mater alma,  
Atque semper virgo  
Felix cœli porta.

Sumens illud Ave  
Gabrielis ore,  
Funda nos in pace.  
Mutans Hevæ nomen.

Solve vincla reis,  
Profer lumen cæcis,  
Mala nostra pelle,  
Bona cuncta posce.

Monstra te esse matrem,  
Sumat per te preces,  
Qui pro nobis natus  
Tulit esse tuus.

Virgo singularis,  
Inter omnes mitis,  
Nos culpis solutos,  
Mites fac et castos.

Vita præsta puram,  
Iter para tuum,  
Ut videntes Jesum,  
Semper collemur.

Sit laus Deo Patri,  
Summo Christo decus,  
Spiritui Sancto,  
Tribus honor unus. Amen.

BRIGHT mother of our Maker, hail!  
Thou Virgin ever blessed,  
The ocean's star by which we sail,  
And gain the port of rest.

Whilst we this ave thus to thee  
From Gabriel's mouth rehearse;  
Prevail that peace our lot may be,  
And Eva's name reverse.

Release our long entangled mind  
From all the snares of ill;  
With heavenly light instruct the blind,  
And all our vows fulfil.

Exert for us a mother's care,  
And us thy children own;  
Prevail with him to hear our prayer  
Who chose to be thy Son.

O, spotless maid! whose virtues shine  
With brightest purity,  
Each action of our lives refine,  
And make us pure like thee.

Preserve our lives unstained with ill,  
In this infectious way,  
That heaven alone our souls may fill  
With joys that ne'er decay.

To God the Father, endless praise,  
To God the Son, the same ;  
And Holy Ghost, whose equal rays  
One equal glory claim. Amen.

---

*The Sodalist's Hymn.*

CHILDREN of Mary, high your voices raise !  
Ye on whom she cast a tender eye ;  
Children of God, sing her immortal praise,  
And all exalt her glory to the sky.

I see, ascending to her glorious throne,  
The fervent prayer of every Sodalist,  
Each heart erects an altar to her name,  
Where Mary lives in everlasting fame.

Children of Mary, &c.

Happy Sodalist, who, from life's earliest  
scene,

Strive and delight your mother still to love ;  
Hasten to Mary, send your fervent prayer :  
Mary, the children's refuge and delight !

Yes, 'tis her pleasure to assist each child  
Who calls upon her aid in humble prayer ;  
Past ages, speak ! O, was there ever one  
Whose vows our mother dear refused to  
hear?

Hail, happy queen, whom heaven's choice  
Has made the source of all our joys ;  
Since he by whom we move and live  
From thee would life and food receive.

He whom the sun and moon obey,  
To whom all creatures homage pay,  
The mighty Ruler of the skies,  
In thee, concealed, an infant lies.

O gracious mother of mankind,  
What Eve had lost in thee we find ;  
The way to heaven is now, by thee,  
To mourning sinners opened free.

---

HAIL, heavenly queen ! hail, foamy ocean's  
star !

O be our guide ; diffuse thy beams afar.  
Hail, mother of God, above all virgins blest !  
Hail, happy gate of heaven's eternal rest !  
Hail, foamy ocean's star ! hail, heavenly  
queen !

O be our guide to endless joys unseen !

Hail, full of grace ! with Gabriel we repeat  
Thee queen of heaven, from him we learn  
to greet.



Then give us peace, which heaven alone  
can give,  
And, dead through Eve, through Mary let  
us live.

O break our chains; thy guilty slaves re-  
lease :

O give us light, and let our blindness cease :  
Let every ill that preys upon our hearts  
Fly at thy voice, which every good imparts.

'Thy children save; O gracious mother, hear;  
From brimful eyes, O deign to wipe the  
tear :

Our anxious prayers to God, thy Son, pre-  
sent,  
Whose life and blood for sinful men were  
spent.

---

HAIL, Mary, Queen and Virgin pure !

With every grace replete ;  
Hail, kind protectress of the poor !  
Pity our needy state.

O thou who fillest the highest place  
Next heaven's imperial throne,  
Obtain for us each saving grace,  
And make our wants thy own.

How oft, when trouble filled my breast,  
Or sin my conscience pained,  
Through thee I sought for peace and rest,  
Through thee I peace obtained.

Then hence, in all my pains and cares,  
I'll seek for help in thee ;  
E'er trusting, through thy powerful prayers,  
To gain eternity.

---

FADING, still fading, the last beam is  
shining ;

Ave Maria ! day is declining ;  
Safety and innocence fly from the light ;  
Temptation and danger walk forth in the  
night :

From the fall of the shade, till the matin  
shall chime,  
Shield us from danger, and save us from  
crime.

Ave Maria, audi nos !

Ave Maria, O hear when we call !  
Mother of Him who is Saviour of all !  
Feeble and fearing, we trust in thy might ;  
In doubting and darkness, thy love be our  
light :

Let us sleep on thy breast while the night  
taper burns,  
And wake in thine arms when the morning  
returns.

Ave Maria, audi nos !

---

As the dewy shades of even  
Gather o'er the balmy air,  
Listen, gentle Queen of heaven,  
Listen to my vesper prayer.

Holy mother, near me hover ;  
Free my thoughts from aught defiled ;  
With thy wings of mercy cover—  
Keep from sin thy helpless child.

'Thine own sinless heart was broken ,  
Sorrow's sword has pierced its core :  
Holy mother ! by that token,  
Now thy pity I implore.

Queen of heaven ! guard and guide me ,  
Save my soul from dark despair :  
In thy tender bosom hide me,  
Take me, mother, to thy care.

JESU Mater! thy holy name shall cheer  
The poor wanderer still doomed to roam,  
Thro' the darksome land of this exile here,  
Till we reach our eternal home. (*thrice.*)

We know that the bowers are ever fair  
On that bright and ever blissful shore:  
And we know that the souls of the just are  
there;  
They are there, and they weep no more.

O Mother! O Mother! Mother of Him  
Who has died to save the world from sin,  
May we, when death, and the terrors of the  
grave (*bis.*)  
Are passed, be then called to thee. (*thrice.*)

Be called from earth, in joy to share  
In the happiness that's given  
The soul to taste, and, in fulness, know  
When it rests in heaven. (*thrice.*)

---

MARY, our mother be,  
And hearken to thy children's prayer;  
Mary, we turn to thee;  
Still may we find a mother's care.

Mother dear,  
Lend a gracious ear,  
As thy suppliants' praise to thee ascends;  
Virgin pure,  
Ever allure,  
Till in thy smile our life shall end.

Mary, ever is thine  
The sweetest smile of heaven's love;  
Mary, mother, incline  
With thine own Son, Jesus, above.  
Spouse of the Dove,  
Ever may we prove  
Faithful till the shades of even;  
Bring us near  
Thee, ever dear,  
Mother of God and Queen of Heaven.

---

O MARY, my mother, thou friend of my  
bosom,  
Methinks I behold thee in glory arrayed:  
I always have found thee, when life seemed  
so toilsome,  
A gracious protectress whenever I strayed:  
Bright queen of my country, thee humbly  
addressing,  
With Gabriel thy angel I bid thee all hail:

O shed on an exile a mother's fond blessing,  
And guide me secure through this sorrowful vale. Amen.

---

Ave sanctissima,  
We lift our souls to thee:  
Ora pro nobis,  
Thou bright star of the sea.  
Guard us when sin is nigh,  
Snares round our path are spread,  
Hear the heart's lonely sigh,  
Thine too hath bled.

Thou that hast looked on death,  
Aid us when death is near;  
Whisper of heaven to faith,  
Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear!  
Ora pro nobis!  
From sin our slumbers keep,  
Ora, mater, ora,  
Star of the deep.

Ave purissima,  
List to thy children's prayer:  
Audi Maria,  
And take us to thy care.

When darkness comes o'er us,  
Whilst here on earth we stay,  
Thy light shine before us,  
Guide of our way.

Thou that hast looked on death,  
Aid us when death is near;  
Whisper of heaven to faith,  
Sweet mother, sweet mother, hear!  
Ora pro nobis,  
Let angels guard our sleep,  
Ora, Mater, ora,  
Star of the deep.

---

Ave Maria, guardian bright,  
Watch over thy children to-night.  
Mother of the sinless Son!

Hear our evening anthem soar—  
To the throne that thou hast won,  
Far beyond the thunder's roar.

*Chorus*—Ave Maria, guardian dear,  
Hover round thy children here.

Be our guardian, be our stay,  
While the darkness rides its round;  
Keep up till the morning's ray,  
Wake again our anthem sound.  
Ave Maria, &c.

Mother, taintless, undefiled,  
    Sinless let our slumbers be;  
Mother of the sinless child,  
    Hear the prayer we raise to thee.  
    Ave Maria, &c.

Thou hast made our desert bloom,  
    Mary, deign to hear our prayer;  
If to-night we seek the tomb,  
    Shine upon the desert there.  
    Ave Maria, &c.

---

*Jesu Mater, Ave.*

JESU mater, ave,  
    Thou virgin bright and fair,  
O Maria, salve,  
    Hear the exile's prayer.  
When wild the tempest lowers,  
    My spirit turns to thee,  
Then through its gloom, O gently smile,  
    Thou star of life's dark sea!  
Then through its gloom, O gently smile,  
    Thou star of life's dark sea!  
    Mater audi,  
    O Virgin, hear  
    Thy suppliant's prayer,  
    Virgo semper pulchra.



Thou purest gem of heaven,  
O regina mea,  
Thy aid to me be given:  
A light amid life's troubled waves  
Thy name hath been to me;  
O still protect my trembling bark,  
Thou star of this wild sea!

O still protect my trembling bark,  
Thou star of this wild sea!  
Mater audi,  
O Virgin, hear  
Thy suppliant's prayer.

Mater angelorum,  
Bright Queen of heaven's host!  
Salus Christianorum,  
Sweet hope of sinners lost.  
Ne'er shall we cease to sing thy praise,  
Until we reign with thee;  
Then prove to all a mother's love,  
Thou star of life's dark sea!

Then prove to all a mother's love,  
Thou star of life's dark sea!  
Mater audi,  
O Virgin, hear  
Thy suppliant's prayer.

Trio.—Words by the Rev. J. McCaffrey.

HAIL to the Mistress of the skies,  
The Queen of seraphs bright;  
Our hope in gloom, Maria, rise  
And guide us unto light!  
O star of ocean's wave!

While o'er life's sea we darkly glide,  
And fear and grief prevail,  
Illumine our course, our pathway guide,  
And cheer us as we sail,  
O star of ocean's wave!

On thee we turn our weeping eyes,  
When round us dangers start,  
Then let thy radiant beams arise,  
And light and cheer each heart,  
O star of ocean's wave!

Then o'er life's sea we'll calmly steer  
Unto the port of rest,  
Where thy bright beams shall ever cheer  
And shine upon the blest,  
O star of ocean's wave!

*Holy Mary! Mother mild.*

HOLY Mary, mother mild!  
Hear! O hear a feeble child  
Who on life's tempestuous sea  
Is cast alone—O, succor me!

Waves of sorrow o'er me roll!  
Storms of passion shake my soul!  
Dangers press on every side!  
Star of ocean, be my guide.

Brightest in the courts above!  
Joy of angels! queen of love!  
Comfort of the sorrowing, hear!  
And grief and tears will disappear.

Throned in majesty and might,  
In the realms of fadeless light,  
Maiden mother! list our prayer,  
Prove to us thy loving care.

Mother of our Saviour, God,  
Guide us in the path He trod,  
Till to thy children it be given,  
To bless with thee his name in heaven.

*Sunday within the Octave of the Nativity*

HAIL, Mary ! O, how pure love's flame  
Glows in that holy, blissful name !  
What thoughts can fathom—words can tell  
The sweets that from that fountain swell.

Hail, Mary, full of grace ! to thee  
My lips I vow, with accents free,  
My heart to quicken thoughts of love,  
My lips and tongue those thoughts to prove.

Hail, Mary ! as a little child,  
I haste to thee, my mother mild !  
O, bend on me thy loving eyes,  
And hear thy child's endearing cries.

Hail, Mary ! thou hast stood beside  
The cross, and wept as Jesus died :  
O, grant that I may with thee weep,  
With thee may watch and vigil keep.

Hail, Mary ! thou hast sinless risen,  
And burst the bonds of earthly prison ;  
Grant me with thee to rise in heaven,  
And by thy Son be all forgiven.

Hail, Mary ! morn, and noon, and eve,  
To thee my wreath of praise I'll weave ;  
O, when I die, stand by my side,—  
Watch me, and be my guard and guide.

---

*Benedette sia la Madre.*

Words by E. J. S.

O, BLEST fore'er the Mother,  
And Virgin full of grace,  
Who bore our God ! our Brother !  
The Saviour of our race.

Sweet Jesus ! low before thee  
We bend in fear and love ;  
O, grant we may adore thee  
In thy bright realms above.  
Sweet Jesus, &c.

Pure as the light of heaven,  
In meekness nearest thee,  
'Tis thou hast Mary given,  
Our guide, our friend to be.

Sweet Mother ! tears are falling  
From hearts that love thy Son—  
Then hear thy children calling  
On thee, and bless thy own.  
Sweet Mother, &c.

*Christmas Hymn.*

Air—Strike the Cymbal.

HARK ! from heaven, the message given !  
Joy beams from the Almighty's face ;  
Now his anger's done, lo ! he sends his son  
To redeem a fallen race.

Hail, O happy day, let our hearts repay,  
And with love celestial burn ;  
Purest offerings bring to our infant King,  
On this blest, this glorious morn.

See, amazing, around him gazing,  
All the bands of heaven uniting,  
Every soul to joy inviting,  
Raise blest anthems high, let them reach  
the sky,  
Our Redeemer, Christ, is born.

Arms extending, sweetly bending,  
He would save our souls from harm ;  
Let us hasten, meet his blessing,  
Fly to our Redeemer's arms.

O, ye haughty spirits, now  
To your humble Saviour bow.  
Lord eternal ! God supreme !  
Mortals, mortals to redeem.  
Praise him, exulting nations,  
Praise him. Hosannah, hosannah.

## PART SEVENTH

IN HONOR OF THE ANGELS AND SAINTS.

*To our Guardian Angel.*

O God, how ought my grateful heart  
To praise thy bounteous hand,  
Who send'st thy angel from above,  
To be my guide and friend!

My soul is surely something great,  
Meant for eternity,  
That angels thus should be employed  
In watching over me.

When I, within my mother's arms,  
Enjoyed her fond embrace;  
He, hovering round on airy wings,  
Divinely did me bless

When first I from my mother learnt  
My Jesus' name to praise,  
He softly whispered to my heart,  
"How sweet are all his ways!"

Celestial guardian, thus with thee,  
And by thy constant care,  
May I the world's corruption flee,  
And heavenly blessings share.

BLEST spirits of light, O, ye have not forsaken

The children of earth and the fallen from bliss ;

Then still watch around us, our bosoms awaken

To thoughts of a world that is brighter than this.

*Chorus.*—O, fondly watch o'er us ! O, guard and protect us !

Blest angels direct us to mansions of bliss.

The lily of innocence fondly still cherish,

Averting whate'er may its purity stain ;

And O, when 'tis fading and ready to perish,

Support and restore it to beauty again.

O, fondly watch, &c.

Thou chiefly, archangel, whose strength was victorious

Against the proud spirit that dared the Most High,

From thy dwelling in heaven all blissful and glorious,

Cast down on each votary a fond guarding eye.

O, fondly watch, &c.



Now seated high in heaven, present our  
vows

To him who would on earth be called  
thy Son;

And jointly with thy glorious virgin spouse,  
Ne'er cease to plead our cause before  
the throne.

---

*St. Aloysius.*

THE youth who wealth and courts despised,

His spotless mind above to raise;

Who every rising thought chastised—

'Tis Aloysius claims our lays.

Amiable and angelic youth,

Aloysius, pray for us.

His infant words, the first he frames,

He utters with a trembling voice;

Jesus, Mary! hallowed names,

Dwell on his lips, and speak his choice.

Amiable, &c.

Charmed with the Deity alone

Terrestrial pursuits he forsakes,

And ere yet half to manhood grown,

His virgin vows to Mary makes.

Amiable, &c.

Enamored of celestial joys,  
Let pride and wealth my choice withstand,  
I scorn their gifts, they are but toys,  
He said, and joins Loyola's band.  
Amiable, &c.

To gain perfection's utmost height  
He tries, nor was his trial vain;  
Of sanctity a model bright,  
He stands a mirror clear of stain.  
Amiable, &c.

---

*St. Stanislaus Kostka.*

O, YE angelic bands, attend!  
From heaven's high exalted spires,  
With mortal accents deign to blend  
The voice of your harmonious choirs.

In early life's most tender state,  
(O thy designs, how great, O God!)  
Young Stanislaus could emulate  
The virtuous path that saints have trod.

Thy tenderness, O Virgin bright,  
Places within his youthful arms  
The object of his soul's delight,  
An infant Saviour's lovely charms.

O happiness supremely great !  
No grandeur can his heart decoy ;  
Jesus, thy order grants a seat,  
Receives the youth and crowns his joy.  
  
Deluding world, thy threats are vain,  
Your tinsel pleasures lose their charms ;  
The generous youth they can't detain,  
He lives secure in Jesus' arms.  
  
In joyful strains come sound his praise,  
With anthems strike the vaulted sky ;  
Ye angels, strike your choicest lays,  
And greet the saint now flown on high.

---

*St. Francis Xavierius.*

WITH grateful hearts, let's all combine,  
And sing to-day our choicest lays,  
Let's all in tuneful accents join,  
To sound the great Xavierius' praise.  
  
Xaverius, great Loyola's son,  
By words divine from error gained,  
By fervor soon the conquest won—  
The earth once loved, he soon disdained.

With toils immense, both sea and land,  
Immortal souls to God to gain,  
He measures o'er at God's command,  
Then dies upon a desert plain.

---

*St. Patrick.*

HIBERNIA's champion saint, all hail !  
With fadeless glory crowned ;  
The offspring of your ardent zeal  
This day your praise shall sound.  
Great and glorious St. Patrick,  
Pray for that dear country,  
The land of our fathers ;  
Great and glorious St. Patrick,  
Hearken to the prayer of thy children.

Borne on the wings of charity,  
To Erin's coast you flew,  
Bade Satan from her valleys flee,  
And his dark shrines o'erthrew.  
Great and glorious, &c.

From faith's bright camp the demon fled,  
The path to heaven was cleared ;  
Religion raised her beauteous head,  
An isle of saints appeared.  
Great and glorious, &c.

To God, who sent you to our isle,  
Be endless glory given :  
O may he ever on it smile,  
And lead its sons to heaven.  
Great and glorious, &c.

---

*St. Rose of Lima.*

FIRST floweret of the desert wild,  
Whose leaves the sweets of grace exhale,  
We greet thee, Lima's sainted child—  
Rose of America ! all hail ! (*twice.*)  
When first appeared the infant smile,  
Beaming upon thy features meek,  
It seemed as if there blushed the while  
The rose-bud on thy virgin cheek.  
And hence thy name, St. Rose, was given,  
Not by thy earthly parents' choice ;  
But by the holy Queen of heaven,  
Who bade thee in that name rejoice.  
And once, amid thy rapturous prayer,  
Thy heavenly Spouse himself came  
down—  
Most sweetly breathing in thy ear,  
“ Rose of my heart, receive thy crown ! ”

And whilst amid his glories now  
Thou seest him face to face, O deign,  
St. Rose, to hear thy suppliants' vow,  
That grace and glory we may gain.

---

*To St. Cecilia.*

LET the deep organ swell the lay,  
In honor of this festive day ;  
Let the harmonious choirs proclaim  
Cecilia's ever-blessed name.  
Let the harmonious choirs, &c.

Cecilia, with a two-fold crown  
Adorned in heaven, we pray look down  
Upon thy fervent votaries here,  
And hearken to their humble prayer.  
Let the harmonious choirs, &c.

Rome gave the virgin martyr birth,  
Whose holy name hath filled the earth :  
And from the early dawn of youth,  
She fixed her heart on God and truth.  
Let the harmonious choirs, &c.

Then from the world's bewildering strife,  
In peace she spent her holy life—  
Teaching the organ to combine  
With voice, to praise the Lamb divine.

Let the harmonious choirs, &c.

Most firmly did her heart withstand;  
She smiled upon the fell command  
To plunge her in a bath of fire;  
There to be tortured and expire.

Let the harmonious choirs, &c

---

## PART EIGHTH.

### MISCELLANEOUS HYMNS.

To thee, O God, our Saviour,  
Each heart exulting sings—  
Rejoicing in thy favour,  
Almighty King of kings.  
We'll celebrate thy glory,  
With all the saints above;  
And tell the joyful story  
Of thy redeeming love.

*Chorus.*

God is great; let all adore him:  
Come, with joyful songs, before him:  
Heart and voice, with one accord,  
Praise, adore, and bless the Lord.

Soon as the morn with roses  
  Bedecks the dewy East,  
And when the sun reposes  
  Upon the ocean's breast,  
Our humble supplication,  
  Well pleased, deign to hear;  
O grant us thy salvation,  
  And keep us in thy fear.  
    God is great, &c.

---

COME, sound his praise abroad,  
  And hymns of glory sing;  
Jehovah is the sovereign Lord—  
  The universal King.  
    Praise ye the Lord, alleluia,  
    Praise ye the Lord, alleluia,  
    Alleluia, alleluia, alleluia,  
    Praise ye the Lord.

He formed the deeps unknown;  
  He gave the seas their bounds:  
The watery worlds are all his own,  
  And all the solid grounds.  
    Praise ye the Lord, &c.



Come, worship at his throne ;  
Come, bow before the Lord ;  
We are his works, and not our own :  
He formed us by his word.  
Praise ye the Lord, &c.

To-day attend his voice,  
Nor dare provoke his rod ;  
Come, like the people of his choice,  
And own your gracious God.  
Praise ye the Lord, &c.

---

*Hymn for Confessors.*

THIS day, with gladness, Christian choirs  
proclaim  
His combats, triumph, faith, and glorious  
name,  
Who, boldly, Christ on earth confessed,  
And now exults among the blessed.

Prudence and piety adorned his life ;  
Unstained with ill, and undisturbed by strife :  
Chaste, humble, meek, he kept his heart,  
Till bid by heaven from life depart.

The Almighty now his servant's glory  
shows,  
And signal favors through his prayers be  
stows :  
Diseases fly before his shrine,  
And health returns by power divine.

Let's then, in thankful songs, our voices  
raise,  
And sing to him this solemn hymn of praise;  
'That by his prayers, the Almighty may  
His favours to our souls convey.

To him be glory, power, and endless fame,  
Whose wisdom rules the whole creation's  
frame ;  
And fills the bright celestial throne—  
The great mysterious Three in One.

---

*Evening Hymn.*

DEPART awhile, each thought of care—  
Be earthly things forgotten all ;  
And speak, my soul, thy vesper prayer,  
Obedient to devotion's call.

For hark! the pealing chorus swells,  
Devotion chants the hymn of praise,  
And now of joy and hope it tells,  
Till, fainting on the ear, it says,  
Gloría tibi, Domine.

Thine, wondrous babe of Galilee!  
Fond theme of David's harp and song,  
Thine are the notes of minstrelsy,  
To thee its ransomed chords belong;  
And hark! again the chorus swells,  
The song is wafted on the breeze,  
And to the listening earth it tells,  
In accents soft and sweet as these,  
Gloria tibi, Domine.

My heart doth feel that still He's near,  
To meet the soul in hours like this;  
Else why, O why that falling tear,  
When all is peace, and love, and bliss?  
But hark! the pealing chorus swells  
Anew its thrilling vesper train;  
And still of joy and hope it tells,  
And bids creation sing again,—  
Gloria tibi, Domine.

*To the Blessed Virgin.*

AVE MARIA, by Gabriel saluted,  
Blest amongst women, chaste, undefiled,  
Vessel of sanctity, pure, unpolluted,  
Favored of heaven, gentle and mild,  
Mother of Jesus, all hail.

Ave Maria, the bright stars are telling  
The power of their Maker divine;  
Yet thou art the fairest in that happy dwelling,  
And none can thy power outshine.  
Star of the ocean, all hail.

Ave Maria, bright lamp of devotion,  
That kindles the flame of the soul,  
And gently burns with undying emotion,  
To light us to heaven's bright goal.  
Help of the Christian, all hail

Ave Maria, our hearts lowly bending—  
We sinners our sorrows disclose;  
O come to our aid, thy pity extending,  
And save us from misery's woes.  
Queen of the angels, all hail.  
Sancta Maria, ora pro nobis.

# INDEX.

## PART I.

### *Invocation of the Holy Ghost.*

Veni Creator Spiritus	-	-	-	3
Spirit, Creator of mankind	-	-	-	3
Come, Holy Ghost	-	-	-	4
Come, Holy Spirit	-	-	-	4
See the Paraclete descending	-	-	-	5
Veni Sancte Spiritus	-	-	-	6

## PART II.

### *Hymns to the Blessed Sacrament and for Holy Communion.*

Litany of the Sacred Heart	-	-	-	7
Tantum ergo sacramentum	-	-	-	8
Adoro te supplex latens Deitas	-	-	-	9
Ave verum corpus natum	-	-	-	9
O Salutaris Hostia	-	-	-	10
My God, my life, my love	-	-	-	10
What happiness can equal mine	-	-	-	11
Though all the powers	-	-	-	12
Saving Host, we fall before thee	-	-	-	13
Can it be that my God	-	-	-	14
Jesus, Saviour of my soul	-	-	-	16
O what could my Jesus do more	-	-	-	17
Take me, my Jesus, to heaven	-	-	-	17
Wilt thou come to me, my Jesus	-	-	-	18

## PART III.

*Hymns of Praise and Joy.*

Thee, Sovereign God	-	-	20
Srike the harp in praise of God	-	-	21
Sound the loud timbrel	-	-	22
Triumphant Zion, lift thy head	-	-	23
O all ye people the Lord has made	-	-	24
Sweet is the face of nature	-	-	25
Earth, with her ten thousand flowers	-	-	26
Soldiers of Christ, arise!	-	-	27
Hark, my soul, how every thing	-	-	28
Hark, how the watchman cries	-	-	29
Children of the heavenly King	-	-	30
The Lord himself, the mighty God	-	-	31
This day with gladness Christian choirs	-	-	32

## PART IV.

*Hymns of Mourning.*

Vital spark of heavenly flame	-	-	33
Lord, thou wilt hear the prayer	-	-	34
Christians, who of Jesus' sorrows,	-	-	34
Stabat mater dolorosa	-	-	35
Dies iræ, dies illa	-	-	36
Jerusalem, my happy home	-	-	37
All is but vanity	-	-	37
Saviour, when, in dust, to thee	-	-	38

## PART V.

*Festivals throughout the Year.*

With hearts truly grateful	-	-	40
To worship thy Redeemer's birth	-	-	41
Jesus, the only thought of thee	-	-	43
Young men and maids	-	-	44
Strike the cymbal, roll the timbrel	-	-	46
Our Lord is risen from the dead	-	-	47
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes	-	-	48
Let us give immortal praise	-	-	49
O great Creator of the light	-	-	50

## PART VI.

*To the Blessed Virgin.*

Litany	-	-	-	-	51
Ave Maria	-	-	-	-	53
O Sanctissima	-	-	-	-	54
Ave maris stell	-	-	-	-	54
Bright Mother	-	-	-	-	56
Children of Mary	-	-	-	-	57
Hail, happy Queen	-	-	-	-	58
Hail, heavenly Queen	-	-	-	-	58
Hail, Mary, Queen and Virgin pure	-	-	-	-	59
Fading, still fading	-	-	-	-	60
As the dewy shades of even	-	-	-	-	61
Jesu Mater	-	-	-	-	62
Mary, our mother be	-	-	-	-	62
O Mary, my mother	-	-	-	-	63

Ave sanctissima	-	-	-	64
Ave Maria, guardian	-	-	-	65
Jesu Mater ave	-	-	-	66
Hail to the Mistress	-	-	-	68
Holy Mary, mother mild	-	-	-	69
Hail, Mary! O how pure love's flame				70
O blest fore'er the mother	-	-	-	71
Hark! from heaven, the message given				72

## PART VII.

*In honor of the Angels and Saints.*

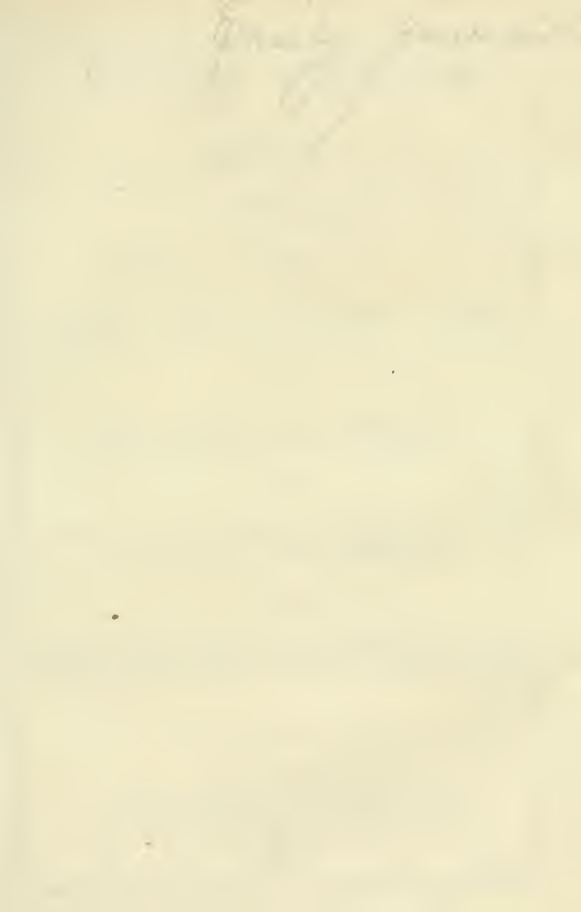
O God, how ought my grateful heart				73
Blest spirits of light	-	-	-	74
Holy Patron, thee saluting	-	-	-	75
O thou great favorite	-	-	-	76
The youth who wealth	-	-	-	77
O ye angelic bands, attend	-	-	-	78
With grateful hearts	-	-	-	79
Hibernia's champion saint	-	-	-	80
First floweret of the desert wild	-	-	-	81
Let the deep organ swell the lay	-	-	-	82

## PART VIII.

*Miscellaneous Hymns.*

To thee, O God our Saviour	-	-	83
Come sound his praise abroad	-	-	84
This day with gladness	-	-	85
Depart a while, each thought of care	-	-	86
Ave Maria, by Gabriel saluted	-	-	88







# SACRED MELODIES,

CONTAINING

A SELECTION

OF THE

MOST APPROPRIATE AIRS,

ARRANGED

AND DESIGNED AS A COMPANION

TO THE

CATHOLIC SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOK, MANUAL OF  
THE SODALITY, SACRED WREATH, &c.

---

“Let the word of Christ dwell in you abundantly, in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Canticles, singing in grace in your hearts to God.”—  
Col. iii. 16.

---

PHILADELPHIA:  
PUBLISHED BY H. McGRATH,  
NO. 1 SOUTH EIGHTH STREET.  
1851.

# PREFACE.

---

THIS little work is a choice selection of Catholic Music, adapted to Choirs, Sodalities and Sunday Schools. The want of a work in the present form, must not only be evident to all, but must have been regretted by the lovers of Sacred Music. We had an abundance of beautiful devotional words, but no airs,—hence, at the solicitation of Clergymen from several States, the Compiler has selected from various sources, but particularly from the celebrated “Canticles Saint Sulpice,” (now used in the Church for more than a century,) the choicest airs, and arranged them to our English and Latin poetry.

The advantage and beauty of this music will not only be found in solos, duets, trios and quartettes in choirs, but the simplicity of the style is such, that when hundreds of voices are united, as in Sunday Schools and Sodalities, the effect is truly religious and most pleasing.

Neither time, research, talent, nor expense have been spared in this collection; hence we humbly hope this little work will be so spread all over the Union, that the Catholic children of America, when surrounding the holy altars of religion, though far away from home and relatives, may find familiar, pleasing and pious reminiscences in these simple but beautiful Catholic Melodies, now presented to them.

---

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1850,

By H. McGRATH,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court, for the Eastern  
District of Pennsylvania.

---

KING & BAIRD, PRINTERS, No. 9 Sansom Street, PHILA.'

## PREFACE TO THE VOCAL EXERCISES.

---

THIS short combination of rudiments is written without any further explanation, because it cannot be expected that any person would attempt to teach themselves music without the assistance of a teacher, whose business it is to explain matters to the best of his knowledge.

By the use of these printed Exercises, the teacher may dispense partly, or entirely, with the use of the black board, and the pupils in singing will show whether they understand the explanations of the teacher, and whether they are able to apply the theory to the performance of vocal music.

PITCH and LENGTH are the two principal qualities of musical sounds, and these two being so intimately connected together, as to make it impossible to separate them from each other, I leave it to the judgment of the teacher, in what succession to use this short sketch of Exercises; and I hope they will find them as complete for the instruction of beginners, as in these few pages allowed for this purpose could be expected.

EDWARD PIQUE,

*Professor of Vocal Music.*

# ITALIAN WORDS

USED TO DESIGNATE THE POWER AND THE MOVEMENT  
IN PERFORMING MUSIC.

---

## NO. I.—IN REGARD TO POWER.

*pp.*—Pianissimo.—Very soft.

*p.*—Piano.—soft.

*m.*—Mezzo.—Neither loud nor soft.

*f.*—Forte.—Loud.

*ff.*—Fortissimo.—Very loud.

Crescendo.  $\text{<}$  Increasing.

Decrescendo. }  
Diminuendo. }  $\text{>}$  Decreasing the power.

*sf.*—Sforzando.—Loud on a sudden.

## NO. 2.—IN REGARD TO MOVEMENT.

### *Expressions for Slow Movements.*

Largo. Larghetto. Adagio. Lento. Andante. Andantino. Moderato.

### *Expressions for Quick Movements.*

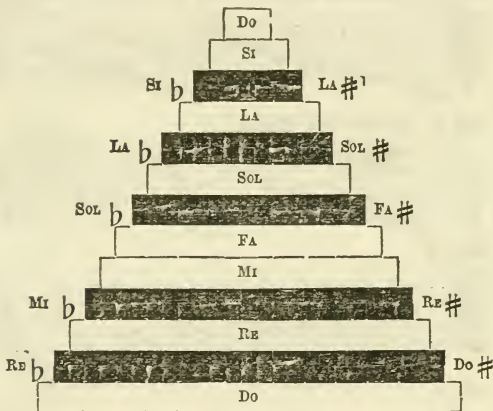
Allegretto. Allegro. Presto. Prestissimo.

Accelerando.—Quickening the time.

Ritardando. }  
Rallentando. } Slowing the time.

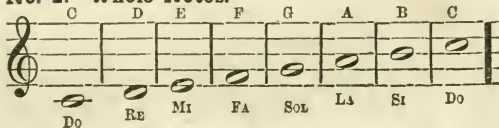
A tempo.—In time.

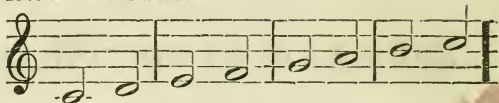
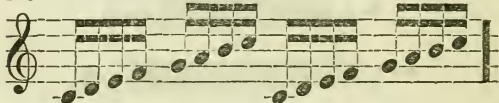
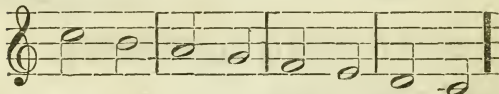
# RUDIMENTS OF SINGING.



## SCALE IN NOTES OF VARIOUS LENGTHS.

### No. 1.—Whole Notes.



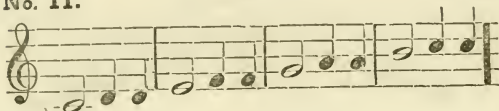
**No. 2.—Half Notes.****No. 3.—Quarter Notes. No. 4.—Eighth Notes.****No. 5.—Sixteenth Notes.****No. 6.****No. 7.****No. 8.****No. 9.**



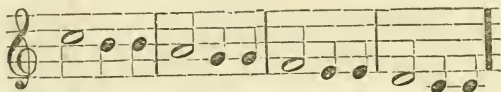
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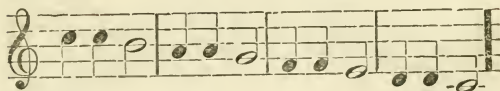
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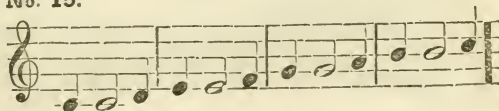
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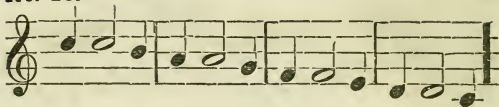
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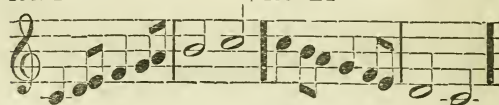
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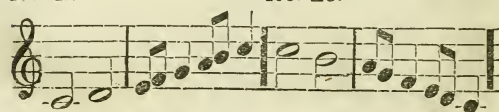
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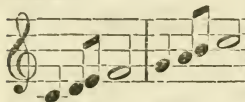
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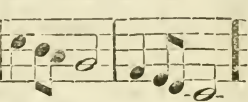
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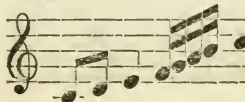
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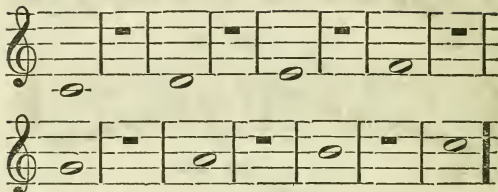


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# EXERCISES IN REST.

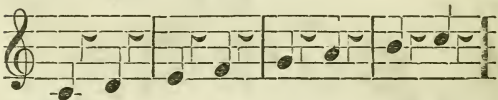
## No. 1.—Whole Rests.



## No. 2.—Half Rests.

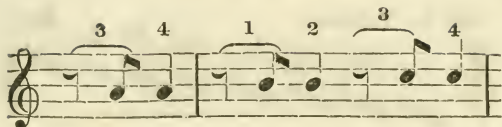


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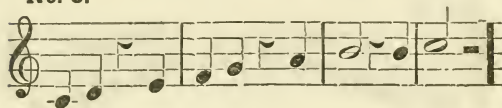


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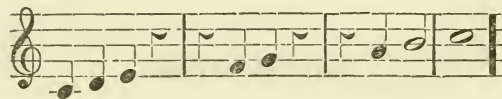
No. 5.



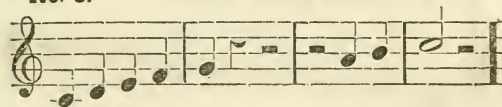
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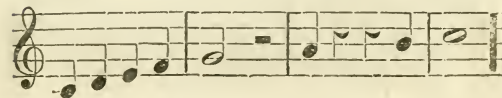
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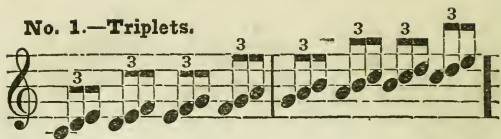
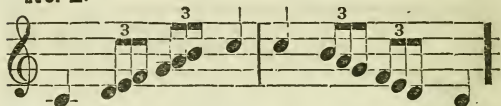


No. 8.

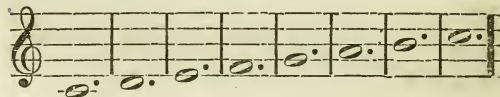
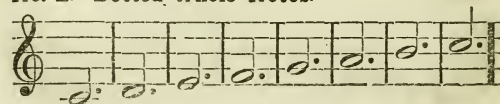


No. 9.

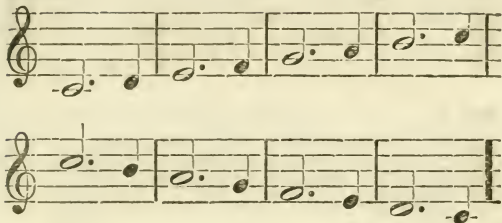


**No. 1.—Triplets.****No. 2.****No. 3.**

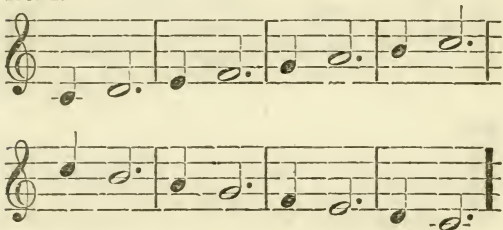
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**DOTTED NOTES.****No. 1.—Dotted Whole Notes.****No. 2.—Dotted Whole Notes.**

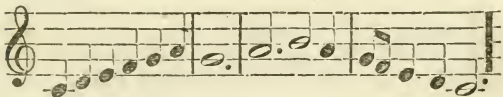
No. 3.



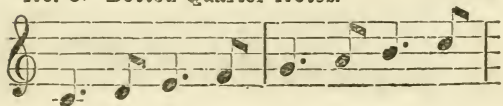
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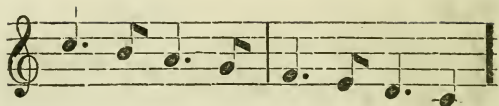


No. 5.

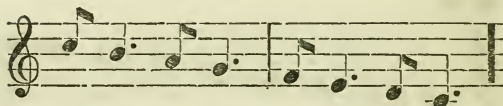
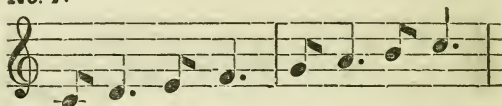


No. 6.—Dotted Quarter Notes.

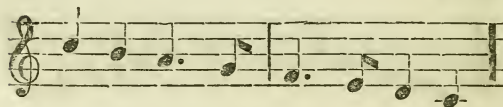




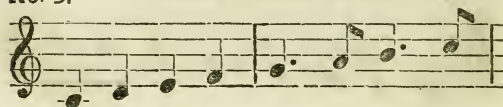
## No. 7.



## No.



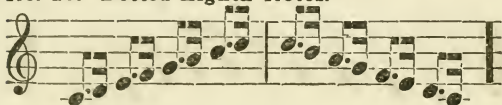
## No. 9.



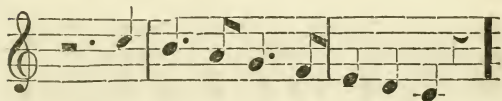




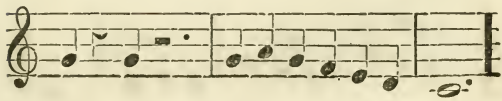
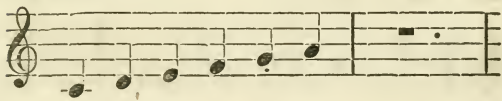
No. 10.—Dotted Eighth Notes.

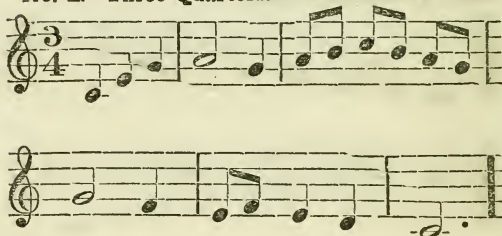


No. 11.—Dotted Rests.



No. 12.

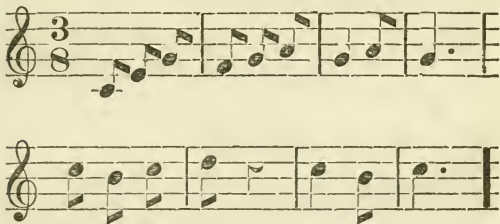


**No. 1.—Four Quarters. (Common Time.)****No. 2.—Three Quarters.****No. 3.—Two Quarters.**

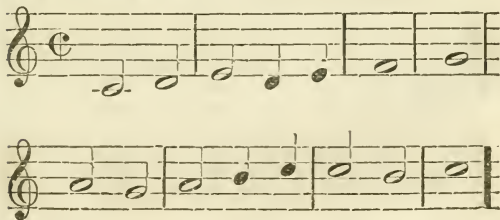
**No. 4.—Six Eighths.**



**No. 5.—Three Eighths.**

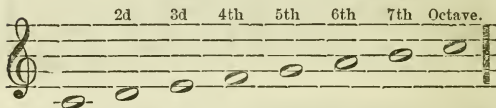
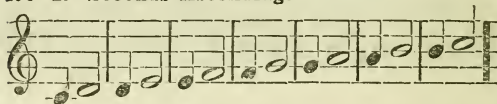
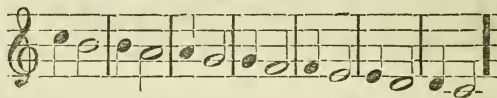


**No. 6.—Alla Breve.**

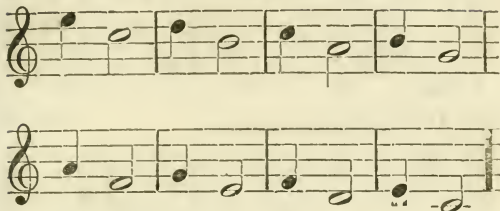


## INTERVALS.

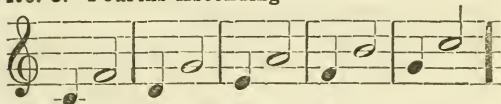
*The black Notes are to be sung by the teacher and pupil, but the white Notes by the pupil alone.*

**No. 1.—Seconds Ascending.****No. 2.—Seconds Descending.****No. 3.—Thirds Ascending.**

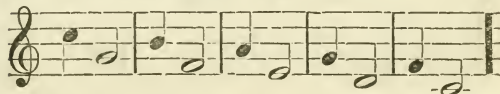
**No. 4.—Thirds Descending.**



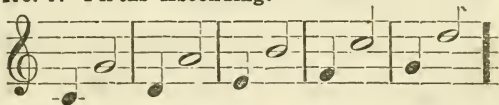
**No. 5.—Fourths Ascending.**



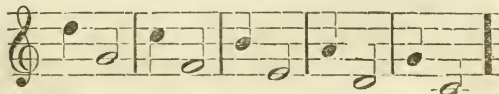
**No. 6.—Fourths Descending.**

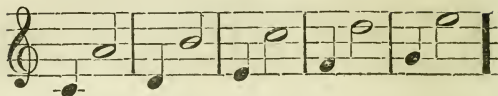
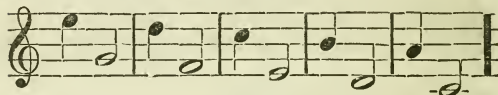
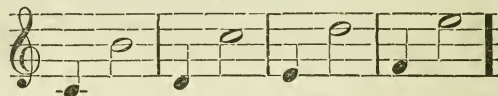
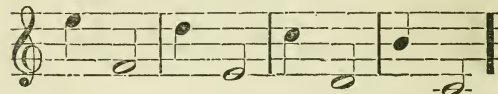
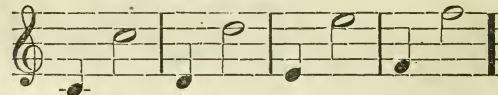
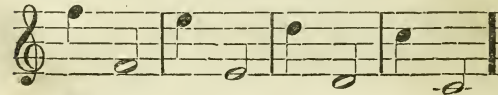


**No. 7.—Fifths Ascending.**

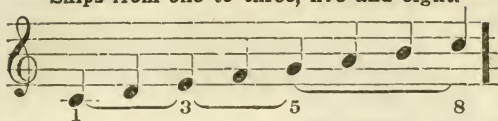


**No. 8.—Fifths Descending.**



**No. 9.—Sixths Ascending.****No 10.—Sixths Descending.****No. 11.—Sevenths Ascending.****No. 12.—Sevenths Descending.****No. 13.—Octaves Ascending.****No. 14.—Octaves Descending.**

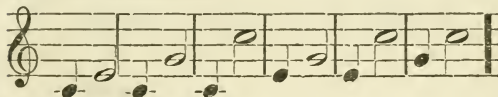
**Skips from one to three, five and eight.**



**No. 15.**



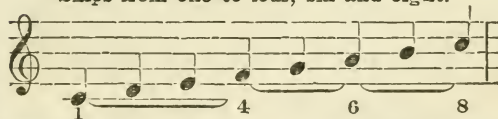
**No. 16.—Ascending.**



**No. 17.—Descending.**

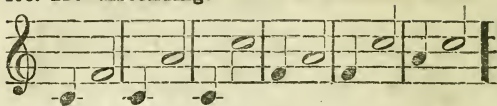


**Skips from one to four, six and eight.**



No 18.



**No. 19.—Ascending.****No. 20.—Descending.**


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**LOWER AND HIGHER NOTES.**

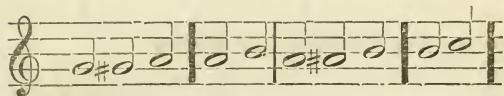
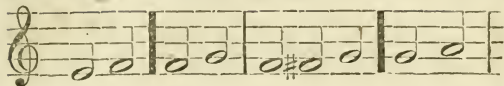
E F G

A B C D E F G

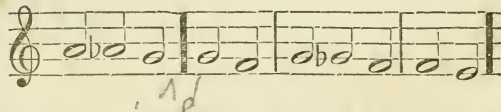
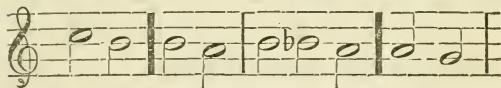
SHARP,  $\sharp$  FLAT,  $\flat$  NATURAL,  $\natural$ **No. 1.—Sharps,**



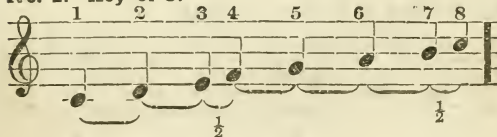
No. 5.



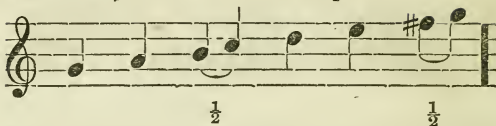
No. 2.—Flats.



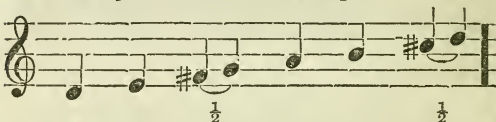
No. 1.—Key of C.



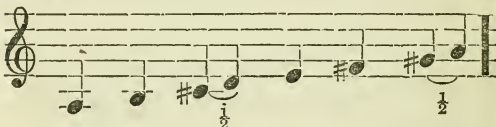
No. 2.—Key of G—has one Sharp.



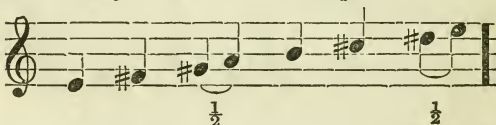
No. 3.—Key of D—has two Sharps.



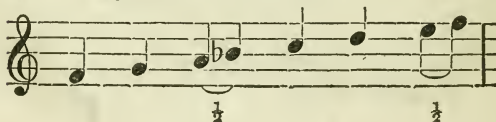
No. 4.—Key of A—has three Sharps.



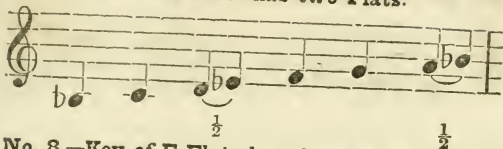
No. 5.—Key of E—has four Sharps.



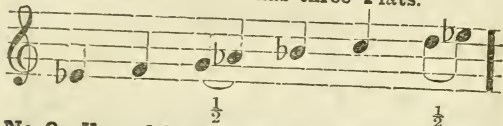
No. 6.—Key of F—has one Flat.



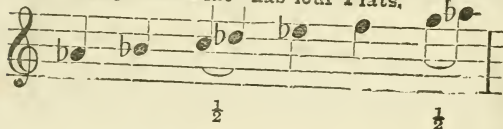
No. 7.—Key of B Flat—has two Flats.



No. 8.—Key of E Flat—has three Flats.

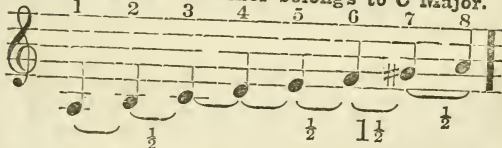


No. 9.—Key of A Flat—has four Flats.

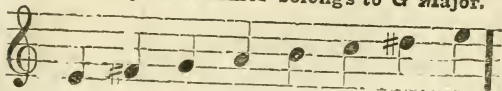


# MINOR KEYS.

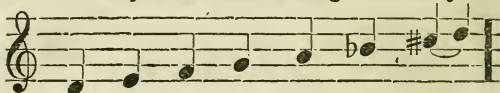
No. 10.—Key of A Minor belongs to C Major.



No. 11.—Key of E Minor belongs to G Major.



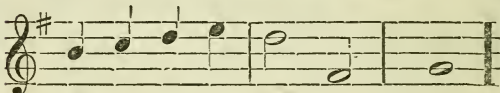
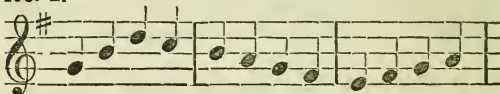
No. 12.—Key of D Minor belongs to F Major.



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SIGNATURE.

No. 1.



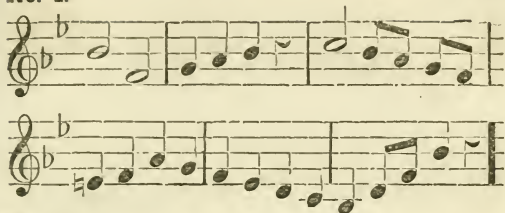
No. 2.



No. 3.



No. 4.

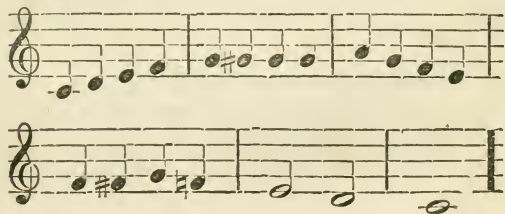


No. 5.



*An accidental Sharp or Flat affects through the whole measure all the notes of the same name.*

No. 1.



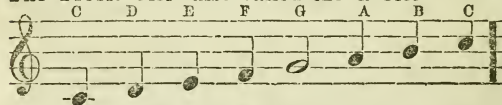
## No. 2.



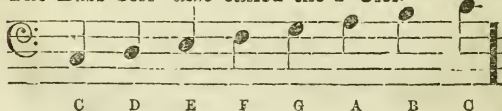
## No. 3.



## The Treble Clef—also called the G Clef.



## The Bass Clef—also called the F Clef.

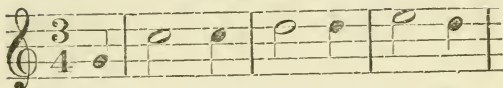


# PART FIRST.

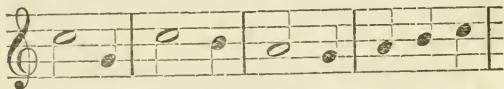
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## INVOCATION TO THE HOLY GHOST.

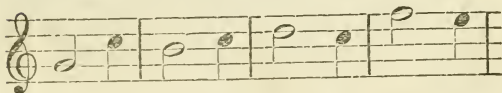
No. 1, page 3.



Ve - ni Cre - a - tor Spi - ri -



tus; Men - tes tu - o - rum vi - si

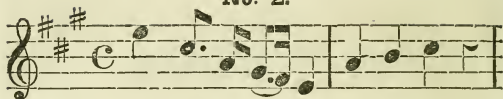


ta; Im - ple su - per - na gra - ti -



æ, Quæ tu cre - as - ti, pec - to - ra.

## No. 2.



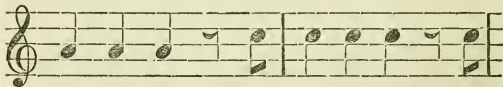
Spi - rit, Cre - a - tor of mankind,



Come, visit eve - ry pi - ous mind, And



sweet - ly let thy grace in - vade Our

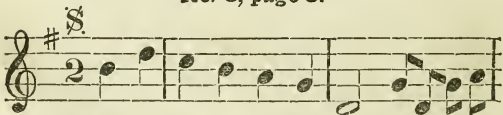


hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made, Our



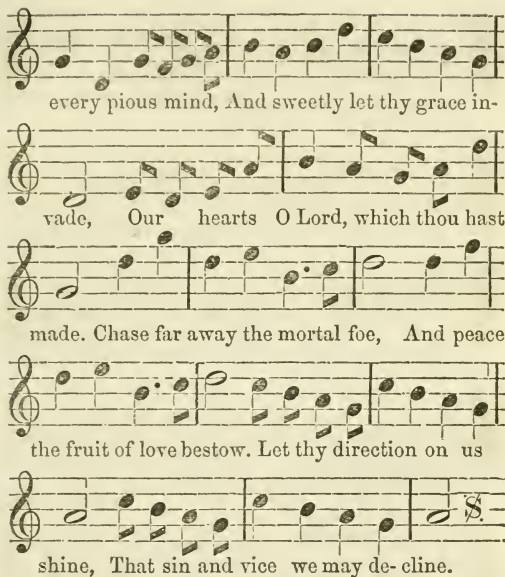
hearts O Lord, which thou hast made.

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 No. 3, page 3.


Spirit, Cre - a - tor of mankind, Come vis-it

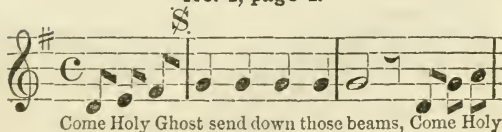




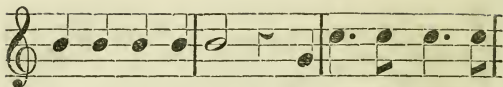
every pious mind, And sweetly let thy grace in-  
 vade, Our hearts O Lord, which thou hast  
 made. Chase far away the mortal foe, And peace  
 the fruit of love bestow. Let thy direction on us  
 shine, That sin and vice we may de-cline.

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No. 4, page 4.



§  
 Come Holy Ghost send down those beams, Come Holy



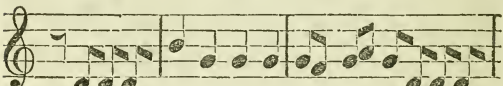
Ghost send down those beams Which sweetly flow in



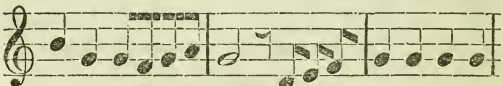
silent streams, From thy bright throne above Which



sweetly flow in silent streams, From thy bright throne above.



O come thou Father of the poor,  
Thou bounteous



source of all our store,  
Come warm our hearts with love, with



love divine, Come warm our hearts  
With love, with love divine. Thou



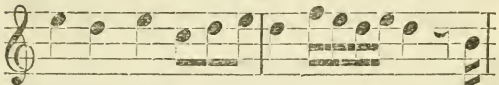
bounteous source of all our store, D. C.  
Come warm our hearts with love.

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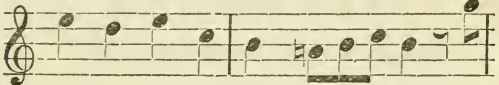
No. 5, page 3.



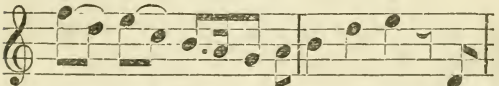
Spi-rit, Cre-a-tor of man-kind,



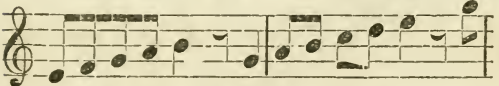
Come visit ev-e-ry pi-ous mind, And



sweet-ly let thy grace in-vade Our



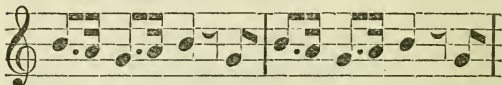
hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made, Our



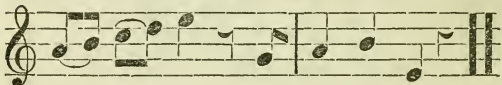
hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made, Our



hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made, And



sweet - ly let thy grace in - vade Our



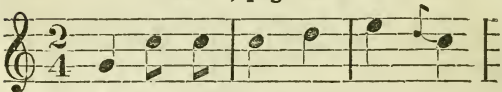
hearts, O Lord, which thou hast made.

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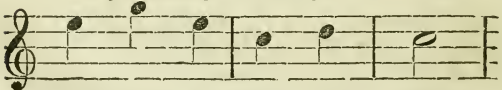
## PART SECOND.

### HYMNS FOR HOLY COMMUNION.

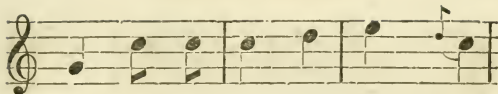
#### No. 6, page 10.



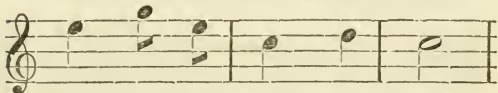
My God, my life, my lo - ve,



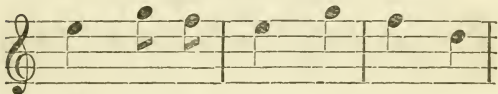
To thee, to thee I call:



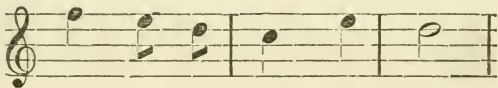
O come to me from heav'n above,



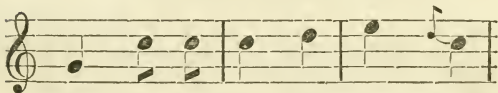
And be my God, my all,



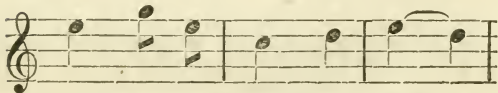
My faith be - holds thee, Lord,



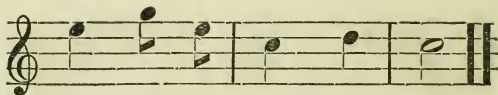
Concealed in hu - man food;



My sens - es fail; but in thy word

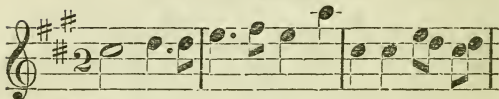


I trust and find my God,

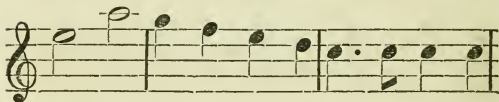


I trust and find my God.

No. 7, page 10.



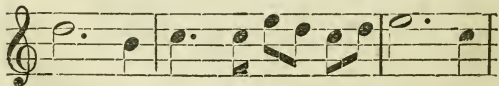
My God, my life, my love, To thee, to thee I



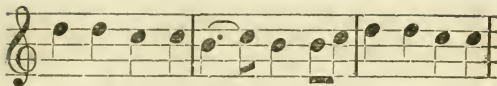
call: O come to me from heav'n a-bove, And



be my God, my all. My faith beholds thee

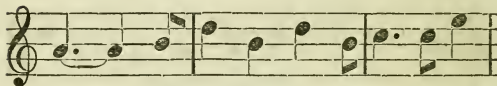


Lord, Concealed in hu- man food, My





My faith beholds thee Lord,  
Con-ceal-ed in hu-man



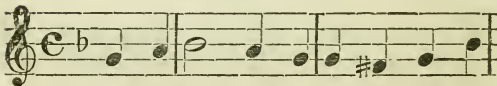
food; My senses fail; but in thy word



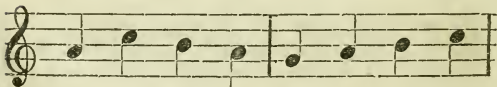
I trust and find my God.



**No. 9. page 10.**

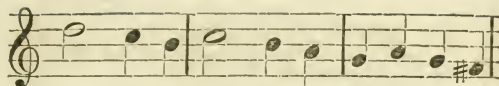


My God, my life, my love, To

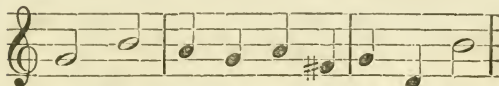


thee, to thee I call, O

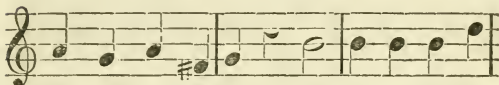




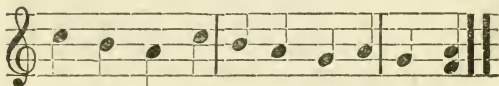
come to me from heav'n above,  
And be my God, my



all. My faith be-holds thee, Lord, Con-



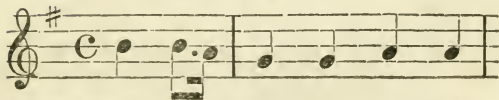
cealed in human food; My senses fail; but



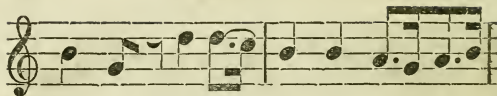
in thy word I trust, and find my God.



**No. 10, page 11.**



What hap-pi - ness can e - qual  
2



mine? I've found the ob - ject of my



love; My Jesus dear, my King di-



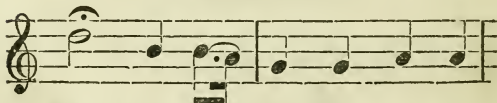
vine, Is come to me from hea - ven a-



bove; He chose my heart for his a-



bode, He there becomes my dai - ly



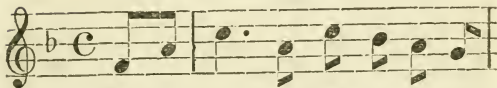
bread; There on me flows his heal - ing



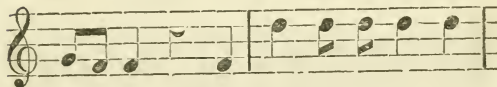
blood, There with his flesh my soul is fed.



**No 11, page 12.**



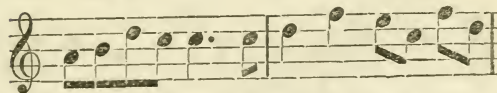
Though all the powers of hell sur-



round, No e - vil will I fe-



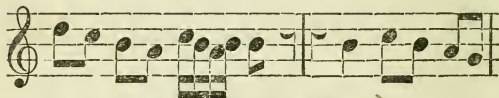
ar; For while my Je - sus



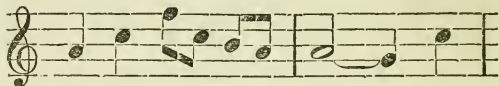
is my friend, No dan - ger can come



near Then bless - ed Je - sus



dwell with me, And make me



burn with love of thee; Oh



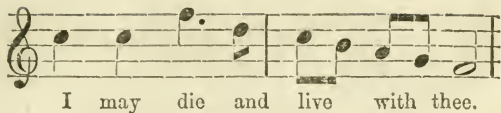
bless- ed Je- sus live with me, Oh



bless- ed Je- sus live with me; Till

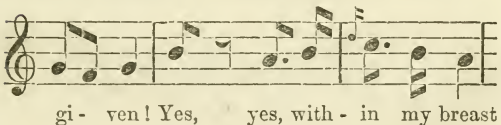
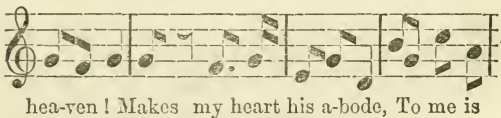
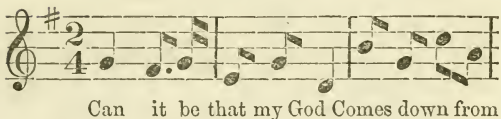


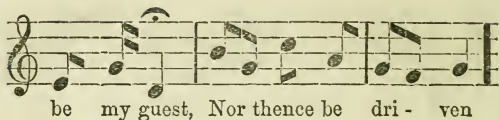
I may die and live with thee, Till




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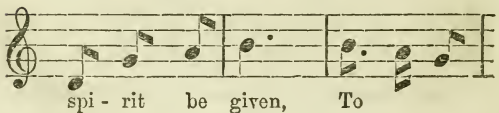
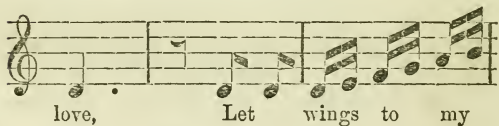
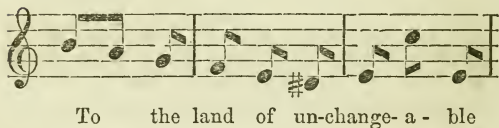
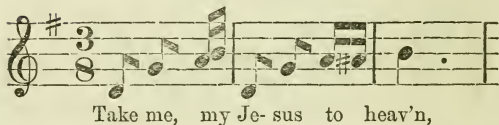
No. 12, page 14.

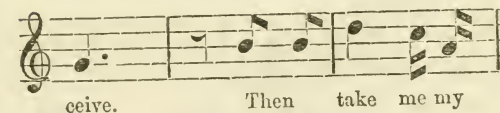
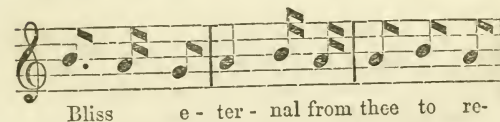
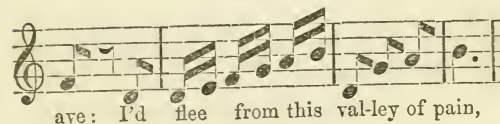
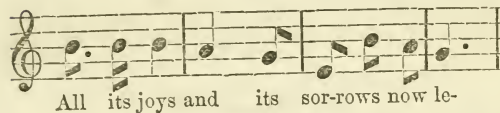
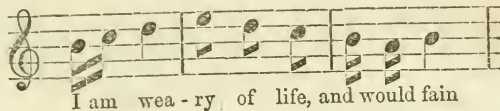
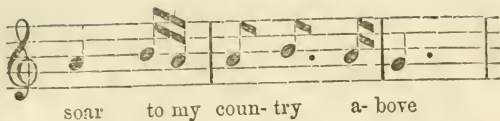





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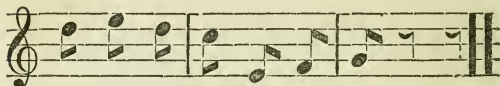
No. 13, page 17.







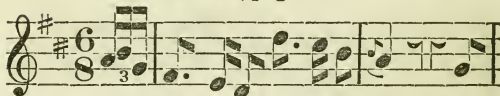
Je- sus, to hea - ven, O



take me, my Je - sus, to heaven.



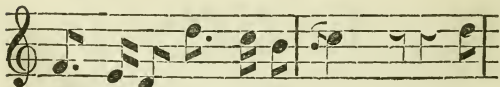
No. 14, page 17.



O what could my Jesus do more, Or

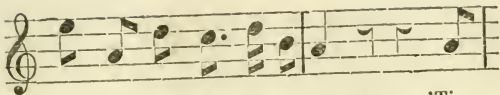


what greater bless-ing im- part? O,



si-lence, my soul, and a- dore, And

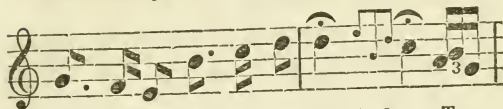




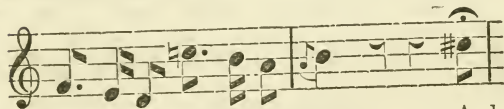
press him still nearer thy heart. 'Tis



here from my la-bors I'll rest, Since



he makes my poor heart his a - bode; To



him all my cares I'll ad-dress, And



speak to the heart of my God.

## PART THIRD.

## HYMNS OF JOY AND PRAISE.

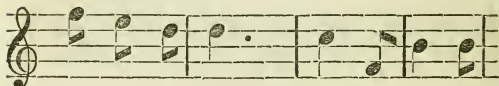
## No. 15, page 20.



Thee, sove-reign God ! we grate - ful



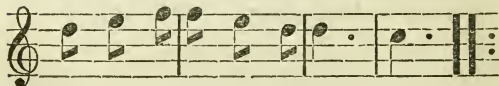
praise, And greet thee, Lord in



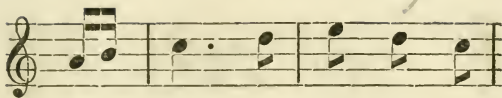
fes - tive lays ; To thee, great



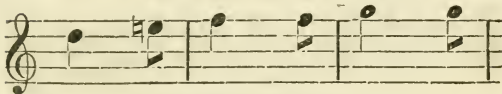
God, earth's bound-less frame, With echoes



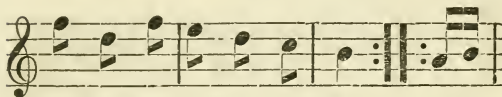
sounds im-mor - tal fame ;



Lord God of hosts the



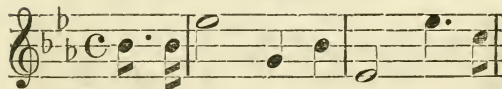
heaven-ly powers For thee vi-



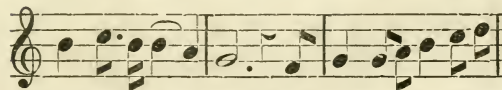
brate the vault-ed tow-ers, Lord.



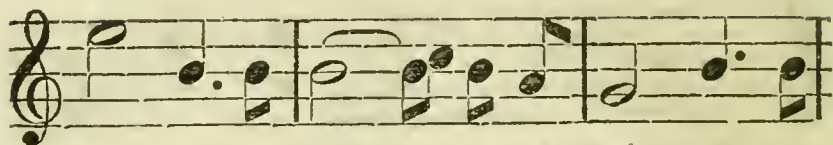
No. 16, page 20.



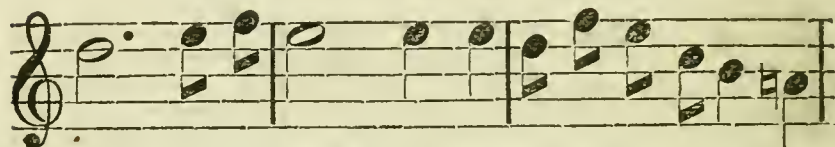
Cherubs and seraphs throned on high, Still



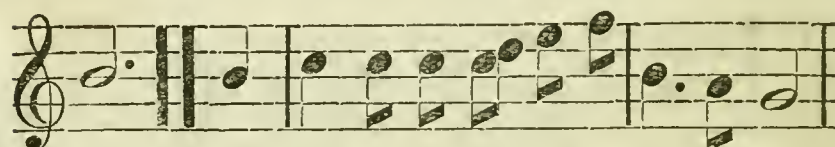
ho - ly, ho - ly, cry. Both heaven and earth a-



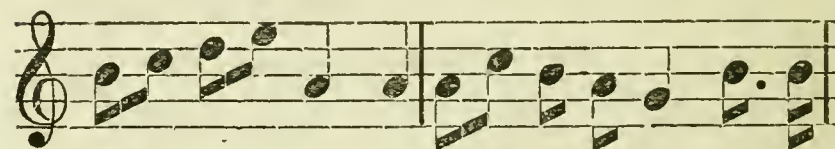
loud, display Thy beau - ty, gran - deur ma-



- jes - ty ; Thy praises fill the a-postles'



choir ; Thee, sovereign God ! we grateful praise



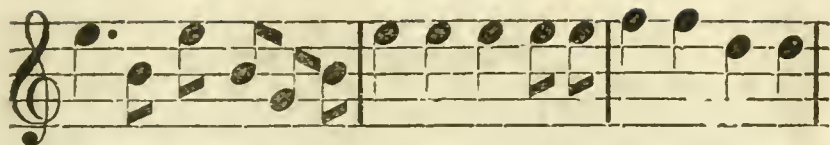
And greet thee, Lord, in fes - tive lays ; To



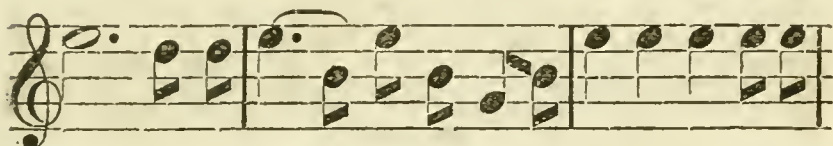
thee, great God ! earth's boundless frame, With



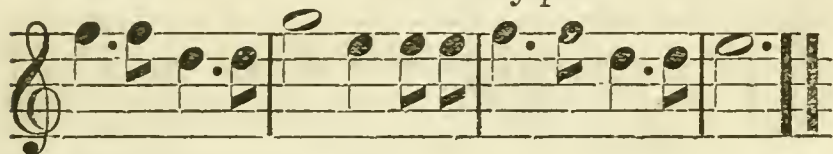
ech- oes sounds im- mor- tal fame ; Lord



God of hosts, the                      brate the vaulted  
   heavenly powers For thee vi-



towers, Lord God of hosts, the  
   heavenly powers For thee vi-



brate the vaulted towers,  
   For thee vibrate the vaulted towers.



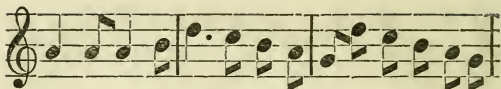
**No. 17, page 25.**



Sweet is the face of na - ture, When



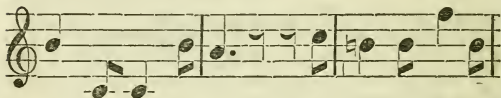
flow -      ers deck the vales;      When



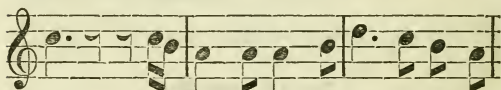
air is filled with fragrance, Waft-ed by ver-nal



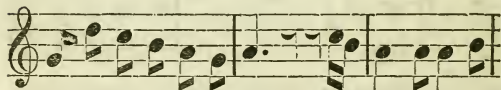
gales, Yet zephyrs vain-ly fan me, And



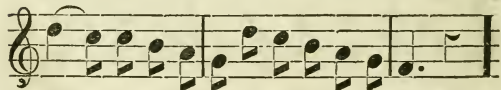
flowers to groves invite ; And flowers to groves in-



vite ; With-out the smile of Je-sus, they

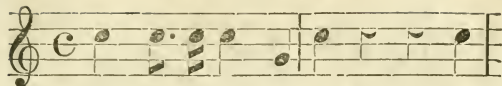


give me no de-light, Without the smile of

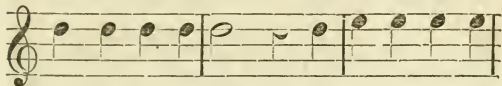


Je-sus They give me no de-light.

## No. 13, page 27.



Sol-diers of Christ, a- rise ! And



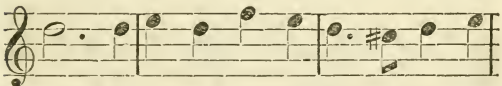
put your armor on, Strong in  
the strength which



God sup-plies through his e - ter - nal Son.



Strong is the Lord of hosts, and in his mighty

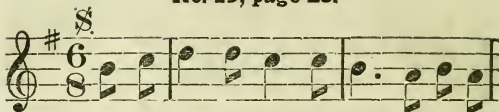


power ; Who in the strength of Je - sus trusts, is

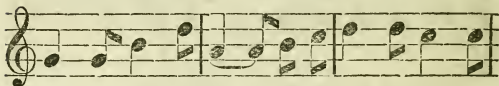


more than con - que - ror.

## No. 19, page 28.



Wake, for shame, my slothful heart, Wake, and



glad-ly sing thy part; Learn  
of birds and springs and



flow-ers, How to use thy no-ble powers.

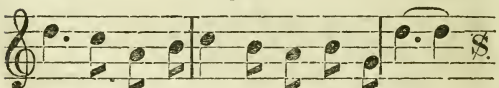


Hark ! my soul, how ev - e - ry thing Strives to



serve our beauteous

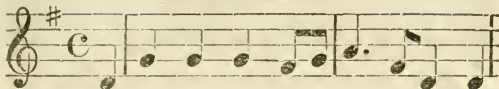
King ; Each a dou-ble tri - bute



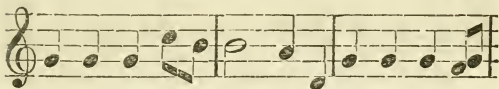
pays, Sings its part, and then o - beys.



## No. 20, page 31.



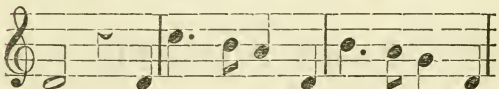
The Lord him-self, the mighty God, Vouch-



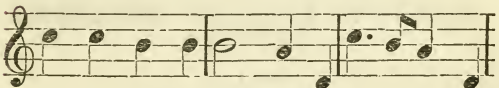
safes to be my guide; The Shepherd  
by whose



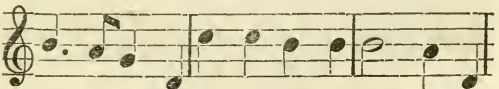
con-stant care My wants are all sup-



plied. In verdant meads he makes me feed, And



gent-ly there re - pose; Then leads me to cool



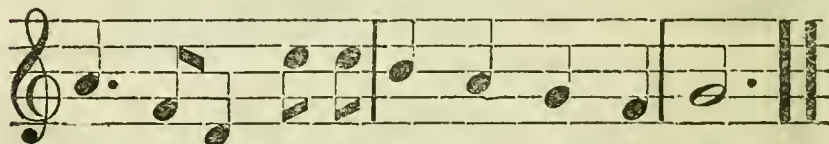
shades, and where Refreshing wa-ter flows. He



does my wan - dering soul re-claim, And



to his end-less praise, Instructs with humble



zeal to walk In his most righteous way.

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## PART FOURTH.

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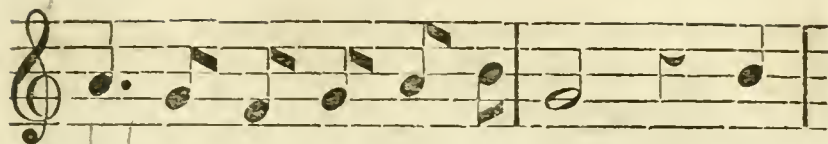
HYMNS FOR FESTIVALS THROUGHOUT  
THE YEAR.

FOR LENT.

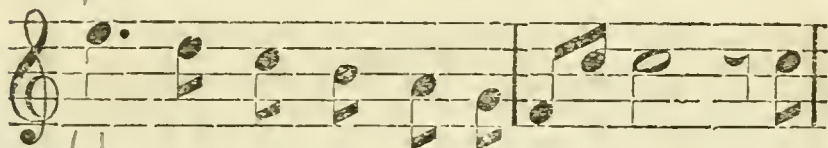
No. 21, page 38.



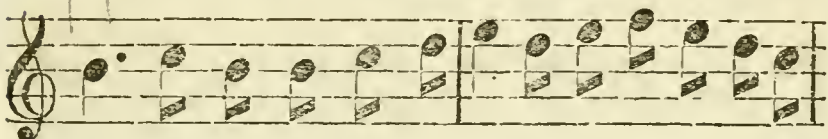
Saviour, when in dust to thee,



Low we bend the a-doring knee, When,



re-pent - ant, to the skies Scarce



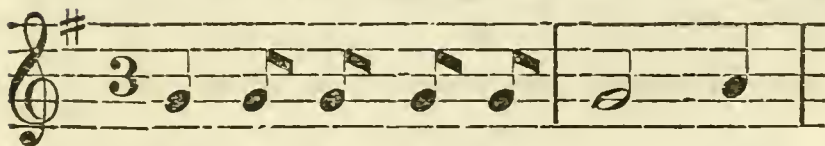
Scarce we lift our streaming ey - es



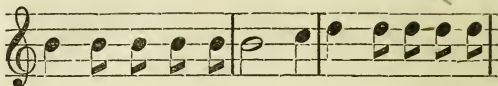
Scarce we lift our stream-ing eyes.



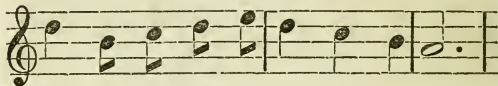
**No. 22, page 37.**



All is but va - ni - ty; And



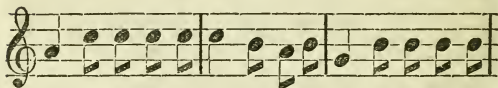
each en- chant-ing scene That charms the mortal



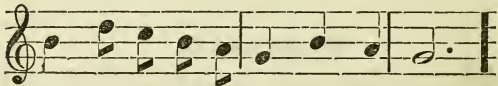
eye, Is emp-ty, fleet-ing, and is vain,



This bril-liant, outward show, Pompous glit-



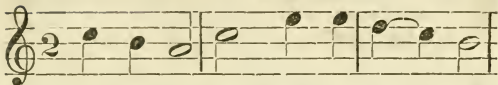
ter, And wealth      Soon or later, Though  
and treasure's glow,      dazzling to the



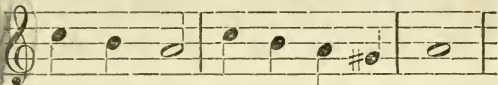
eye, Shall from our grasp e- lu - sive fly.

## PASSION WEEK.

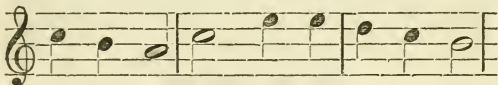
No. 23, page 34.



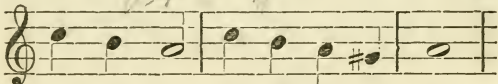
Chris-tians, who of Je - sus' sor - rows



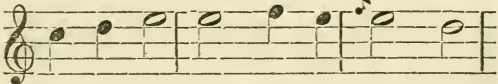
Come the dole - ful tale to hear;



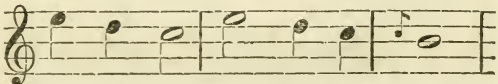
See what streams of blood pour for us!



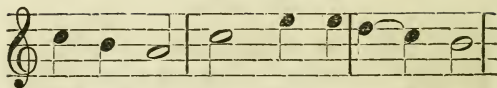
Blend, ah blend at least a tear.



Lo! for your own sins de - vot - ed



Bleeds the vic - tim from on high.



By his suffer-ings an - i - mat - ed,

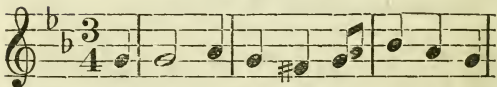


For him live and for him die.

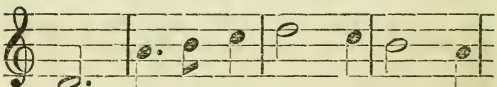
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EASTER.

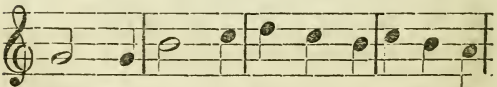
No. 24, page 44.



Al - le - lu - ia, Al - le - lu -



ia. Young men and maids re-



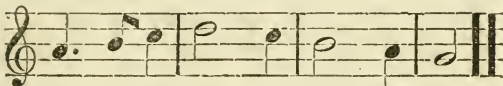
joice and sing: The King of heaven, the



glo-rious King, This day from death rose



tri - umphing, Al - le - lu - ia.

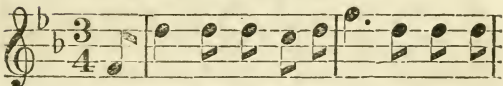


al - le - lu - ia, al - le - luia.

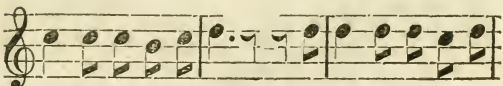


# ASCENSION.

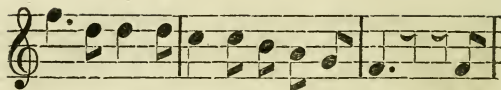
No. 25, page 48.



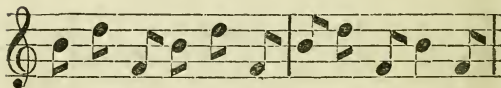
Come, let us lift our joy-ful eyes Up



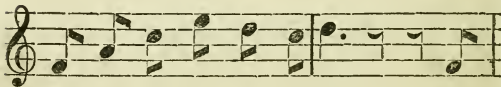
to the courts a-bove, And smile to see the



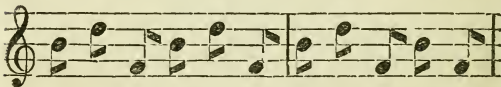
Father there, Upon a throne of love. The



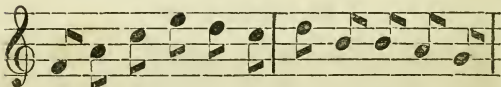
peace - ful gates of heaven - ly bliss Are



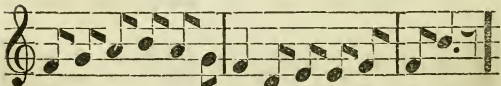
o - pen - ed by the Son ; High



let us raise our notes of praise, And



reach the Al - migh - ty throne. High let us

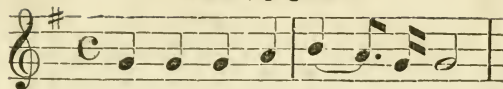


lift our notes of praise,  
And reach the Almighty throne.

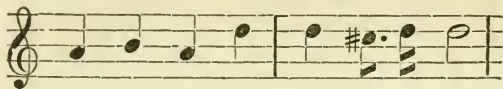


## PENTECOST.

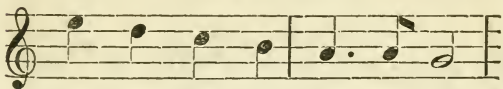
## No. 26, page 6.



Ve - ni Sanc-te Spi - ri - tus,



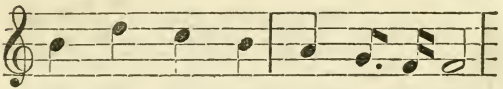
Et e - mit - te cœ - li - tus,



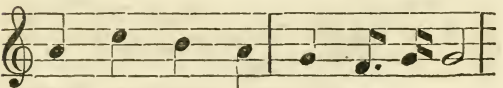
Lu - cis Tu - æ ra - di - um;



Ve - ni Pa - ter pau - pe-rum,

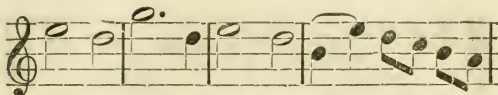


Ve - ni Da - tor mu - ne-rum,



Ve - ni Lu - men cor - di - um.





his own E - ter - nal Son, To die for

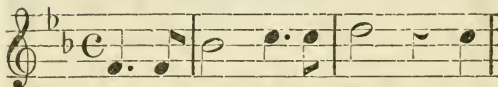


sins Which we have done.

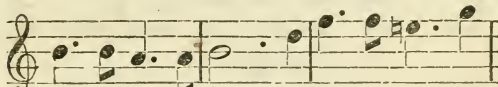
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CORPUS CHRISTI.

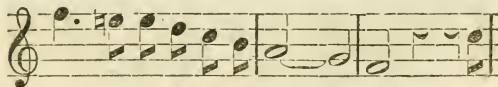
No. 23, page 9.



A - do - ro te sup - plex la -



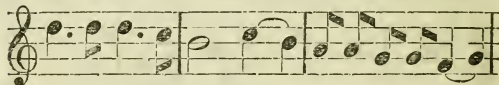
tens De - i - tas, Quæ sub his fi - gu -



ris ve - re la - ti - tas, Ti -



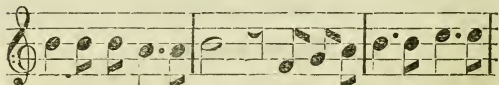
bi se cor me-um to - tum sub-ji-cit, Qui-



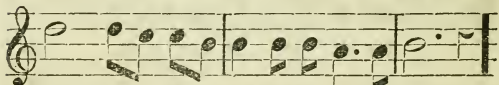
a te contemplans to - tum de-fi-ci-



t. A-do-re-mus in æ-ter-num sanc-tissi-



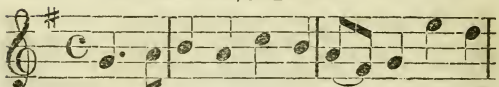
mum Sacramen-tum, A-do-remus in æ-ter



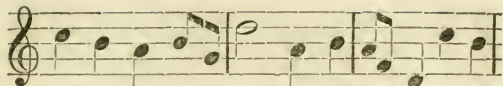
num sanc-tissi-mum Sa-cra-mentum.

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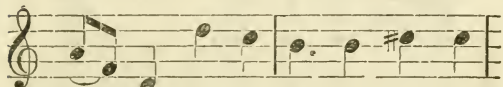
No. 29, page 13.



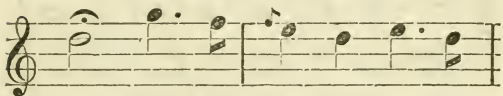
Saving host, we fall be-fore thee, Trusting



in our Saviour's word; Thee we own the Lord of



glo - ry, Thee we own our sove-reign



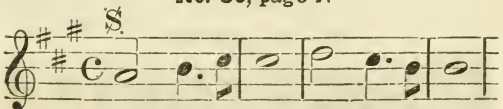
Lord, Thee we own the Lord of



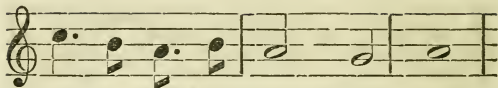
glory, Thee we own our sovereign Lord.

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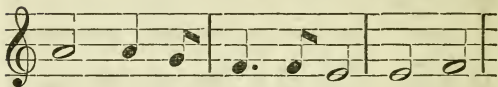
No. 30, page 7.



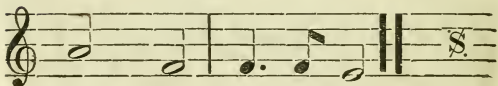
Ky - ri - e e - lei - son.  
Pa - ter de cœ - lis De - us  
Cor Je - su



Chris - te e - le - i - son.  
 mi - se - re - re no - bis.  
 mi - se - re - re no - bis.



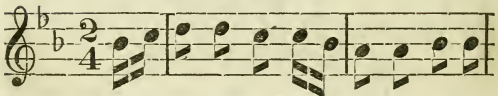
Chris - te au - di nos. Chris -  
 Filii ve mun - di Deus mi - se -  
 Cor Je - su ver - bo Dei, &c.



te au - di - nos.  
 re - re no - bis.

## CHRISTMAS.

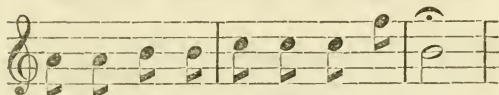
## No. 31, page 41.



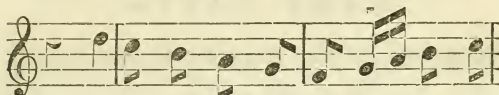
To worship thy Redeemer's birth, Cre-



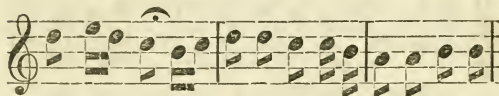
ation's works a - rise ; The heavenly host a-



loud pro-claims The na - tal day of Christ.



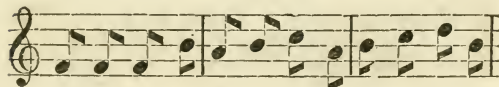
Come, gra - ti - tude and love, Come an - i-



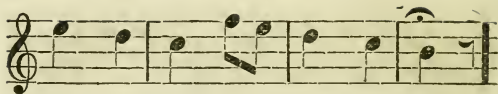
mate our tongues ;  
A God incarnate from above De-



mands our loftiest songs A God, a



God in - carnate from a - bove De -



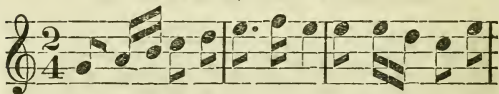
mands our lof - tiest, sweet - est songs.

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## PART FIFTH.

IN HONOR OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY,

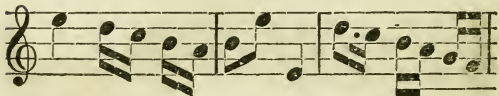
No. 32, page 51.



Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a, Sanc - ta De - i



ge - ni - trix, Sanc - ta vir - go vir - ginum,

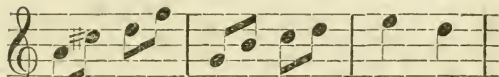


O - ra pro no - bis, O - ra pro

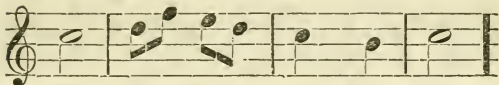




no - bis, O - ra pro no - bis,



O - ra O - ra pro no -



bis, O - ra pro no - bis.

No. 33, page 51.

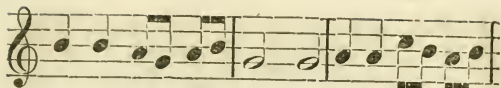


Sanc - ta Ma - ri - a,

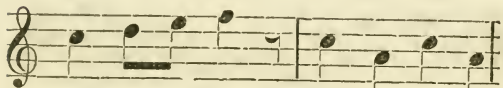


Sancta De - i gen - i - trix, Sancta virgo





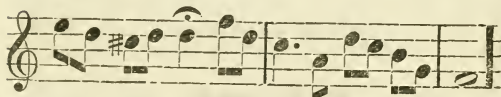
De - i ma - ter al - ma, Atque sem - per



vir - go, Fe - lix cœ - li



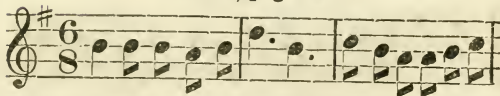
por - ta. At - que sem - per



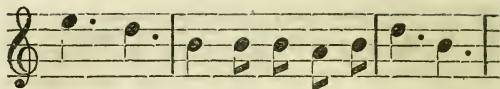
go, Fe - lix cœ - li por - ta.



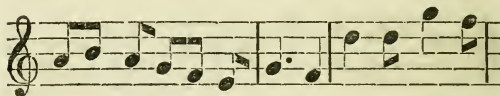
No. 35, page 54.



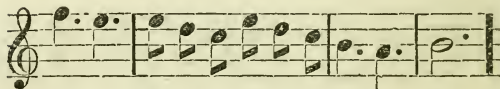
A - ve ma - ris stel - la! De - i ma - ter



al - ma, At - que sem - per vir - go,



Fe - lix cœ - li por - ta. At - que sem - per



vir - go, Fe - lix cœ - li por - ta.



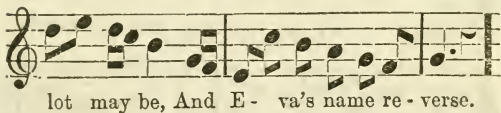
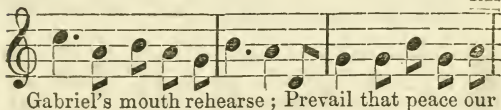
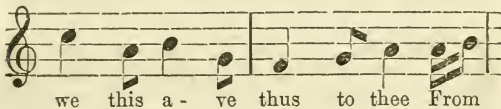
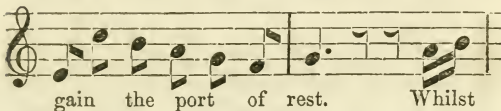
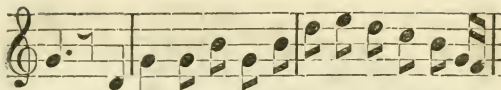
**No. 36, page 56.**



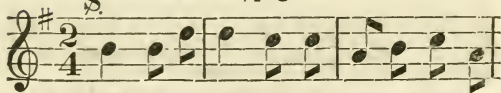
Bright mo - ther of our

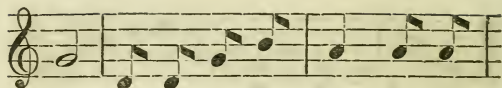


Ma - ker, hail! Thou vir - gin e - ver



**No. 37, page 57.**

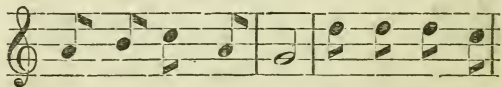




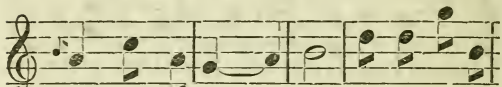
raise ! Ye on whom she cast a



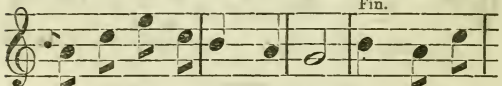
ten-der eye ; Chil - dren of God, sing



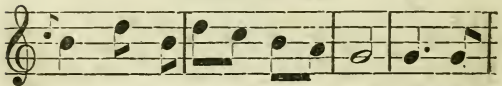
her im - mor - tal praise, And all ex - alt



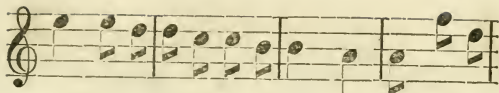
her glo - ry to the sky, And all exalt her



glo - ry to the sky. I see, as -



cend - ing to her glorious throne, The fer -



vent prayer of every faithful child, Each heart e-



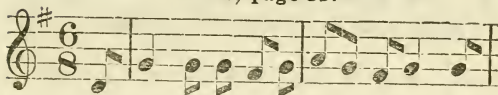
rects an al - tar to her name, Where Mary



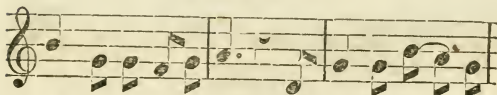
lives in e - ver - last - ing fame.

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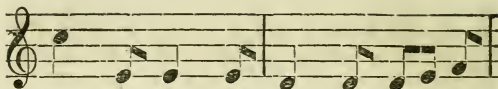
No. 38, page 59.



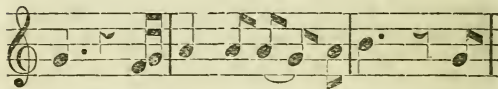
Hail, Ma-ry, Queen, and Virgin pure ! With



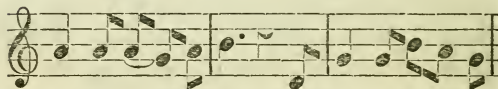
eve - ry grace replete ; Hail, kind pro-tec-tress



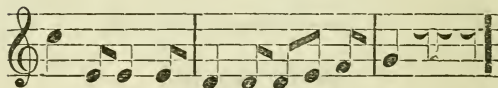
of the poor! Pi-ty our nee - dy



state, Pi-ty our nee - dy state, Pi-



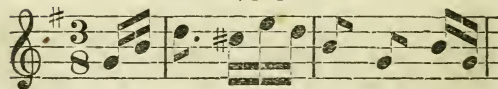
ty our nee - dy state, Hail, kind pro-tec-ress



of the poor! Pi - ty our nee - dy state.



No. 39, page 71.



O, blest fore'er the Mo-ther, And





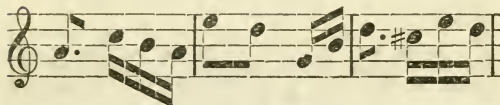
Vir-gin full of grace, Who bore our God our



Bro-ther! The Saviour of our race.



Sweet Je-sus! low be-fore thee We

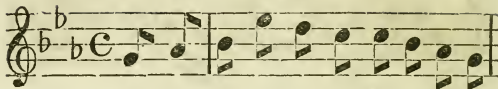


Stand in fear and love; O, grant we may a-



dore thee In thy bright  
realms a-bove,

## No. 40, page 61.



As the dewy shades of e-ven Gather



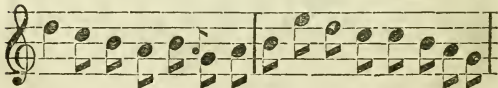
o'er the balmy air, Listen gentle Listen  
Queen of heaven,



to my vesper prayer. Free my  
Holy mother, near me hover ;



thoughts defiled; With cover, Keep  
from aught thy wings of mercy from



sin thy helpless dewy shades  
child. As the of e-ven Gather



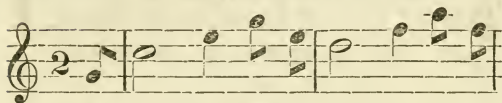
o'er the balmy air, Lis-ten, gen-tle Queen of



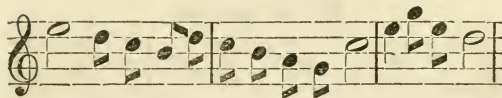
hea-ven, Lis-ten to my ves-per prayer.

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No. 41, page 62.

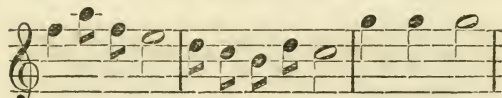


Ma - ry our mo-ther be, And hearken

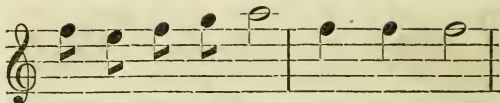


to thy children's

prayer ; Mary we turn to thee



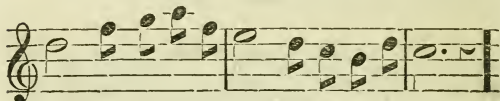
Still may we find a mother's care. Mother dear



Lend a gracious ear, As thy  
suppliant's praise



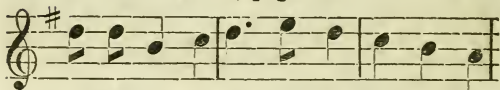
to thee ascends ; Virgin pure, E- ver al-



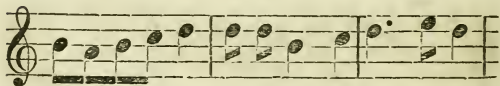
lure, Till in thy smile our life shall end.



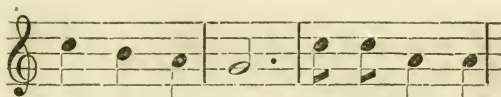
**No. 42, page 63.**



Ah Ma-ry, my mo-ther, thou friend of my



bo - som, Methinks I behold thee in



glo - ry ar - ray'd : I al-ways have



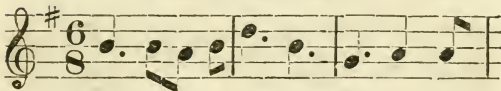
found thee when life seemed so toil - some,



A gracious protectress when-e- ver I strayed.



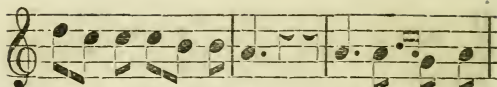
No. 43, page 60.



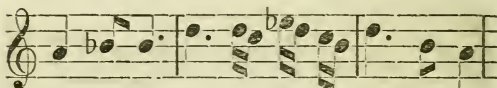
Fa - ding, still fa-ding the last beam is



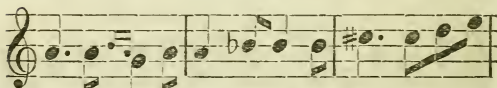
shin - ing; A - ve Ma - ri - a



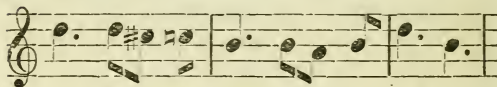
day is de-clin-ing; Safe - ty and



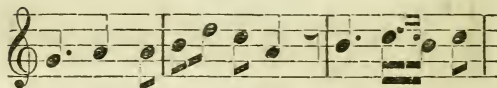
in - no-cence fly from the light;



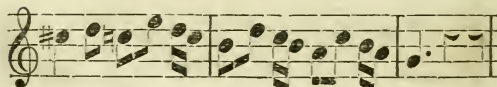
Tempta-tion and dan - ger walk forth with the



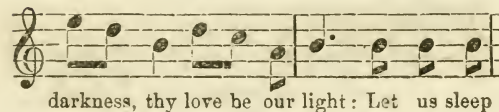
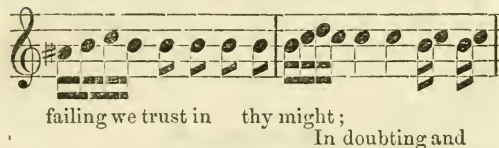
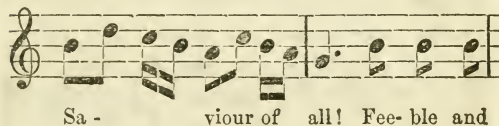
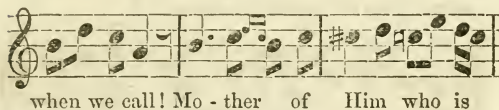
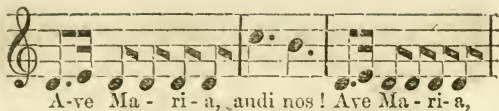
night : From the fall of the shade till

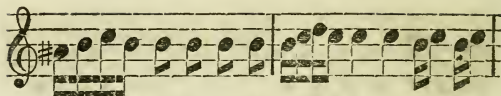


the ma-tin shall chime, Shield us from

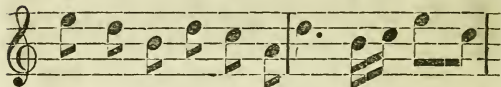


dan-ger, and save us from crime.

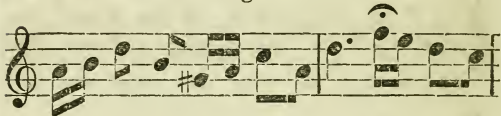




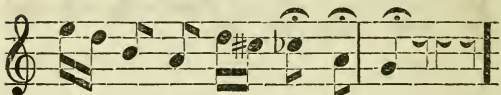
on thy breast while taper burns  
the night And wake in thy



arms when the morning returns. A - ve



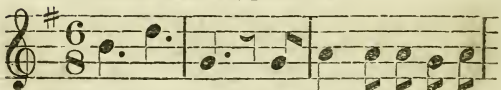
Ma - ri - a, au - di nos! A - ve



Ma - ri - a au - di nos!

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No. 44, page 65.

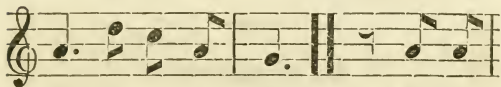


A - ve Ma - ri - a, guardian

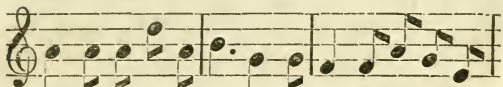




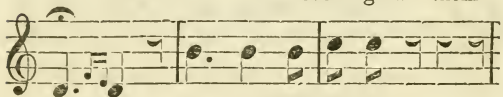
bright, Watch o - ver thy



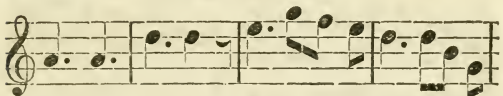
chil - dren to - night. Mother



of the sin - less Son! Hear our  
evening an - them



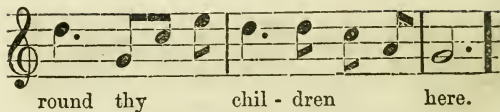
soar A - ve Ma - ri - a,



guardian dear, Ho - ver round thy

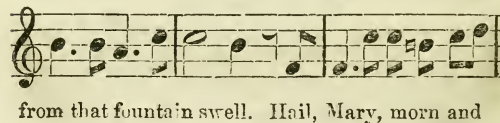
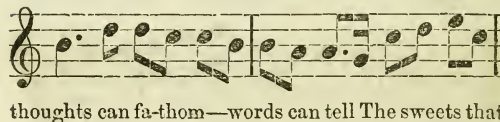
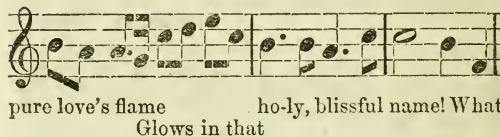
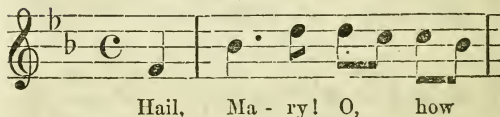


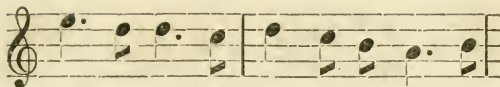
chil - dren here. Ho - ver



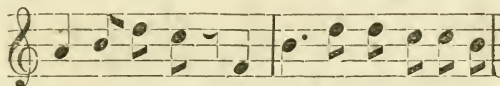

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No. 45, page 70.

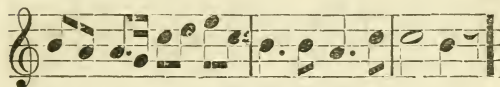




noon, and eve, To thee my wreath of



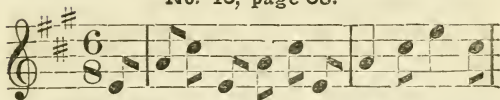
praise I'll weave ; O when I die stand



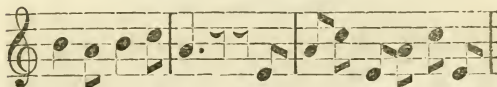
by my side, Watch and guide.  
me and be my guard



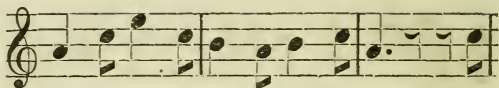
**No. 46, page 68.**



Hail to the Mis-tress of the skies, The



Queen of seraphs bright ; Our hope in gloom, Ma-

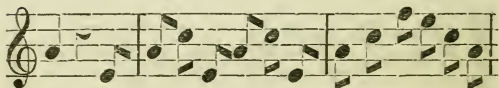


ri - a rise and guide us un - to light ! While



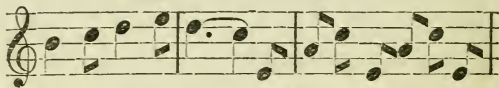
o'er life's sea we darkly glide,

And fear and grief pre-

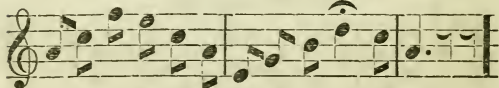


vail, Il - lume our course,

And  
our path - way guide,



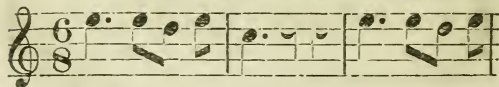
cheer us as we sail, O Ma - ry, star of



o - cean's wave, O star of ocean's wave.

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No. 47, page 58.

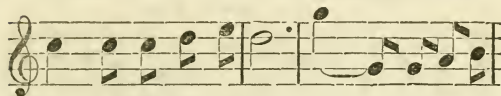


Hail, heavenly queen !

hail, foa - my



ocean's star! O be our guide; dif-

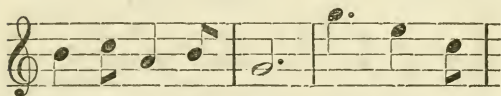


fuse thy beams a-far. Hail, mother of

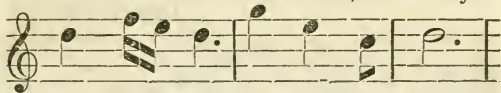


God, a - bove all virgins blest!

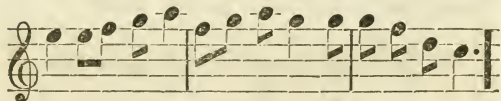
Hail, happy gate of



heaven's e - ter - nal rest! Hail, foa - my

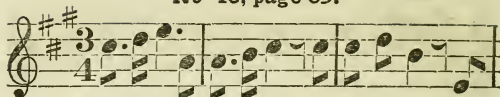


o - cean's star! hail, heavenly queen!

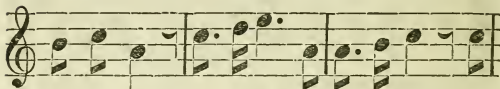


O be our guide to endless joys unseen.

## No 48, page 69.



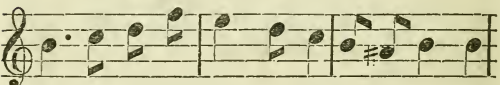
Holy Mary, mother O hear a  
mild! Hear!



feeble child, Who on life's tempestuous sea Is



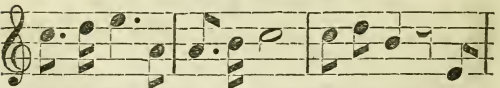
cast alone, O succour me! o'er me roll!  
Waves of sorrow



Storms of passion shake my soul!  
Dangers press on



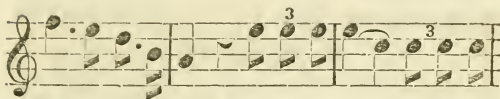
every side! Star of ocean be my guide.



Ho-ly Ma-ry, mother mild! Hear, O hear a



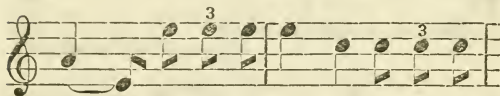
feeble child, Who on life's tempestuous  
sea Is cast a-



lone, O succour me, Brightest in the courts a-



bove! Joy of an - gels! queen of



love! Comfort of the sorrowing,



hear! And grief and tears will disap-pear.

## PART SIXTH.

IN HONOR OF THE ANGELS AND SAINTS.

No. 49, page 73.

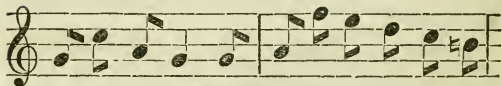


O God, how ought my grateful heart To

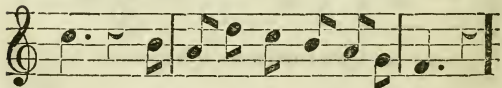


praise thy bounteous hand,

Who send'st thy an - gel



from a - bove, To be my guide and



friend, To be my guide and friend.



## No. 50, page 74.



Blest spirits of light, O ye have not for-



saken The chil-dren of earth and the



fallen from bliss ; our

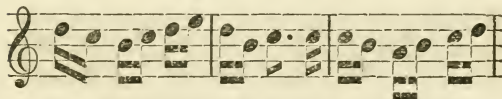
Then still watch around us,



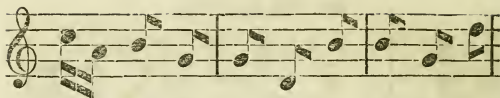
bosoms a - waken To thoughts of a



world that is bright-er than this. O



fond - ly watch o'er us ! O guard and pro-



tect us! Blest an - gels di-rect us to



man-sions of bliss. Blest an - gels di-



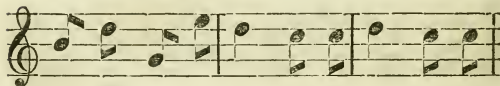
rect us to man-sions of bliss.



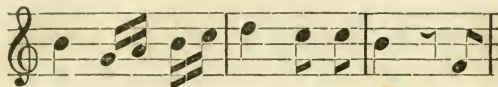
**No. 51, page 74.**



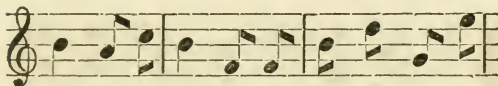
Blest spi - rits of light, O ye



have not for-sa - ken The children of



earth and the fall-en from bliss ; Then



still watch a-round us, our bo - soms a-



wa- ken to thoughts of a world that is



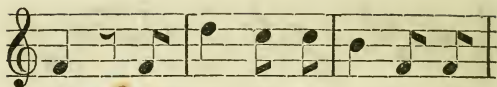
bright-er than this. O fond - ly watch



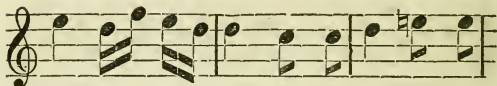
o'er us, O guard and pro - tect us ! Blest



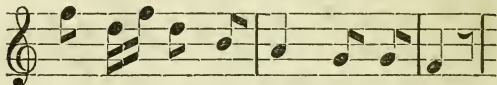
an - gels di-rect us to man-sions of



bliss. O fond - ly watch o'er us, O,



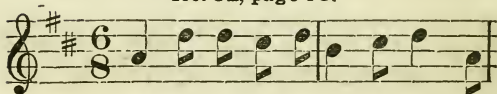
guard and pro - tect us! Blest an - gels di -



rect us to mansions of bliss.

---

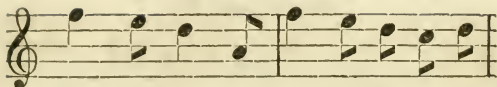
**No. 52, page 75.**



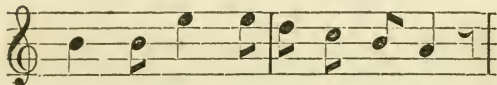
Ho - ly Pa - tron! thee sa - lut - ing,



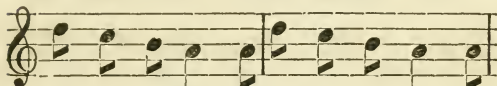
Here we meet, with hearts sin - cere;



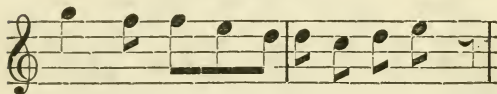
Blest St. Jo - seph, all u - nit - ing



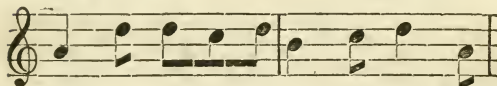
Call on thee to hear our prayer.



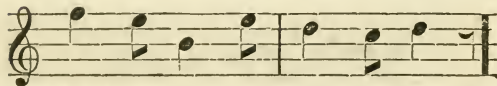
Hap - py saint, in bliss a - dor - ing



Je - sus, Sa - vi - our of mankind,

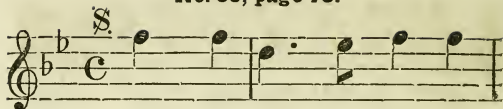


Hear thy children thee im - plor - ing ;

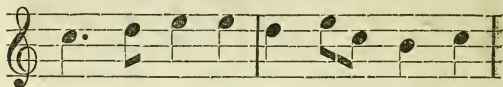


May we thy pro - tec - tion find.

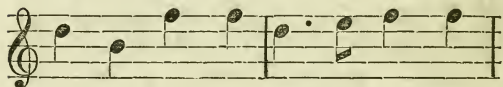
## No. 53, page 75.



Ho - ly Pa - tron, thee sa-



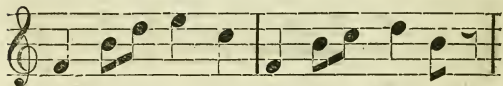
lut - ing, Here we meet with hearts sin-



cere: Blest St. Jo - seph, all u-



nit - ing, Call on thee to hear our prayer.



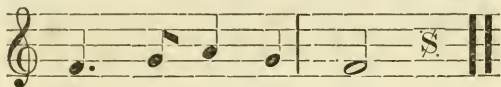
Hap - py saint, in bliss a - dor - ing



Je - sus, Sa - viour of mankind, Hear thy



chil-dren thee im - plor - ing, May we



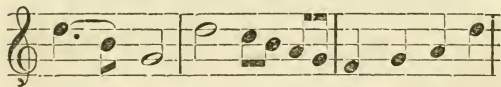
thy pro - tec - tion find.



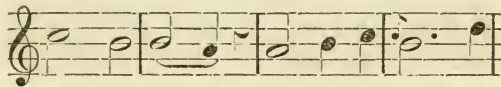
**No. 54, page 76.**



O thou great favorite of the heavenly



King, Who, now transport- ed to the



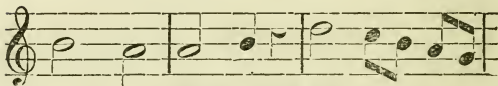
realms a - bove, Whose choirs ce - les - tial



loud thy glo - ries sing,



Re - ceive the tri-bute of our



praise and love, Re - ceive the



tri - bute of our praise and love.

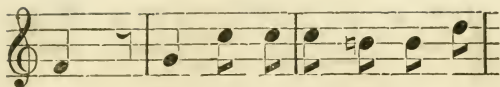
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**No. 55, page 77.**

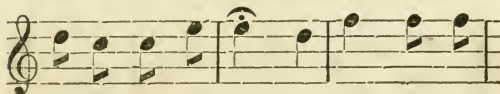


The youth who wealth and courts des-

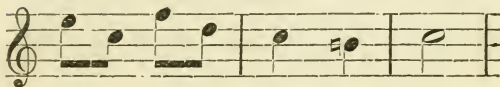




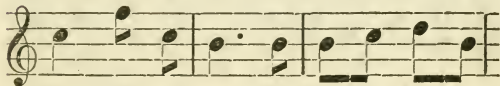
pired, His spot-less mind a -



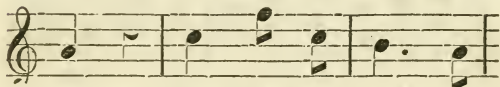
bove to raise ; Who eve-ry



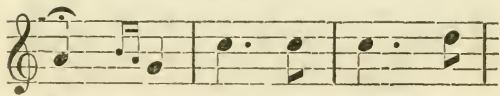
ri - sing thought chas - tised—



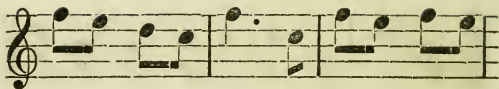
'Tis A - lo - y - sius claims our



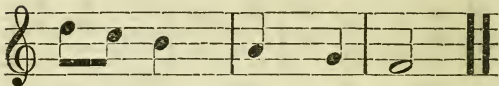
lays. 'Tis A - lo - y - sius



claims our lays. A - mia - ble and

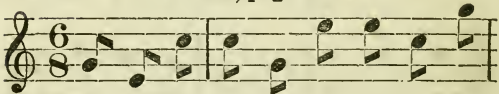


an - gelic youth, A - lo - y



si - us pray for us.

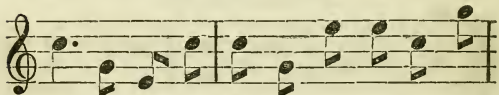
No. 56, page 78.



O ye an - gel - ic bands, at -



tend ! From heaven's high ex - alt - ed



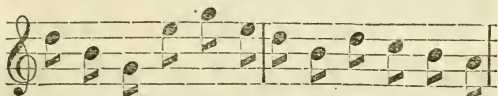
spires, With mortal ac - cents deign to



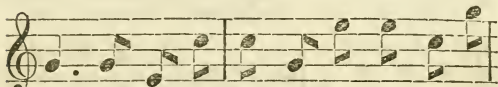
blend The voice of your har-mo-nious



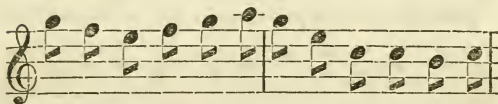
choirs. In ear-ly life's most ten-der



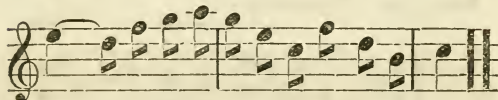
state, O thy de-signs, how great, O



God! Young Stan-is-laus could em-u-

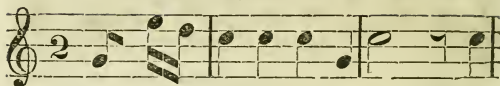


late The virtuous path that saints have

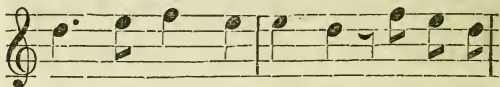


trod, The virtuous have trod.  
path that saints

## No. 57, page 79.



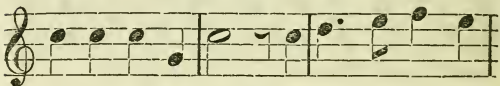
With grateful hearts, And  
let's all combine,



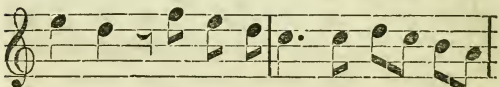
sing to-day our choicest lays, Let's all in



tune-ful ac-cents join, To sound the



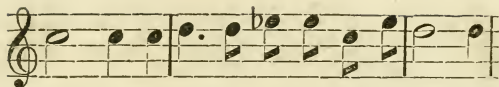
great Xa-ve-rius praise. Let's all in tuneful ac-



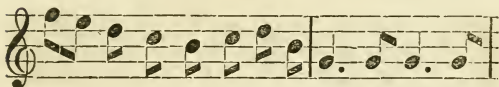
cents join, To sound the  
great Xa - ve - rius'



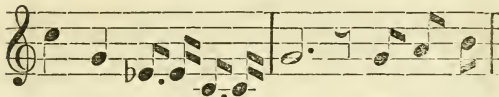
praise. Xa-verius, great Lo-yo - la's



son, By words divine from error gained, By



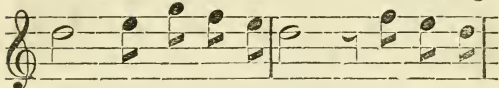
fer - vor soon the The earth once  
conquest won,



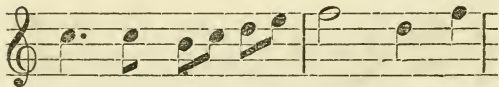
loved, he soon dis - dain - ed. With grateful



hearts, let's all com-bine, And sing



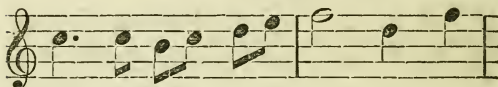
to-day our choicest lays, Let's all in



tune - ful ac - cents join, To



sound the great Xave - rius praise. Let's all in



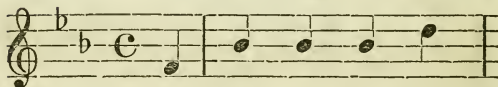
tune - ful ac - cents join, To



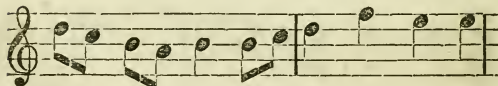
sound the great Xa - ve - rius' praise.



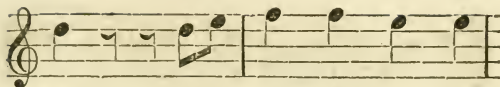
**No. 58, page 80.**



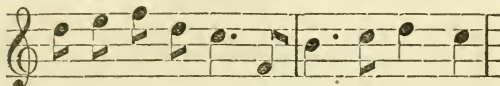
Hi - ber - nia's cham - pion



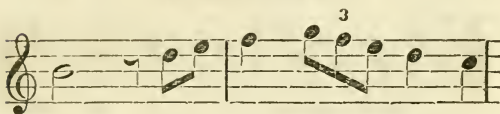
saint, all hail! With fade-less glo - ry



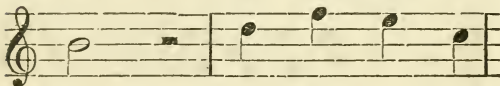
crowned;            The    off - spring   of   your



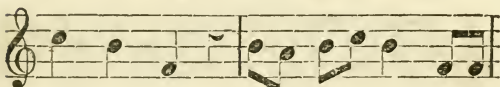
ar -        dent zeal   This day your praise shall



sound.        This    day    your    praise shall



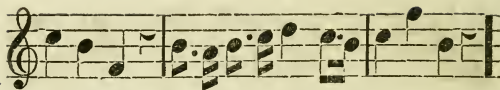
sound.                    Great and    glo - rious



St. Pa - trick,    Pray for that dear  
   coun - try, The



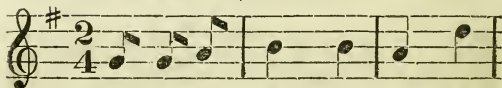
land    of our fa - thers; Great and    glo - rious



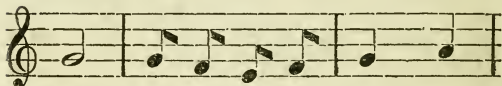
St. Patrick, Harken of thy children.  
to the prayer



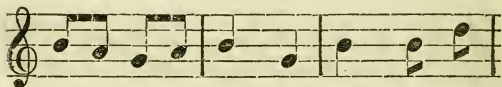
**No. 59, page 81.**



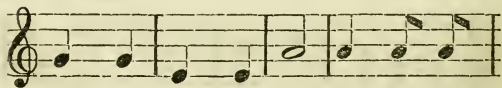
First floweret of the de - sert



wild, Whose leaves the sweets of

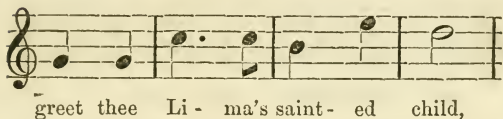
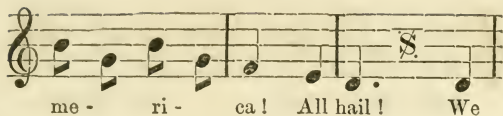


grace ex - hale, We greet thee



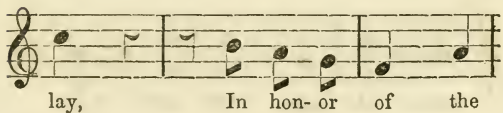
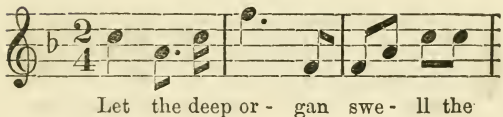
Li - ma's saint - ed child, Rose of A-

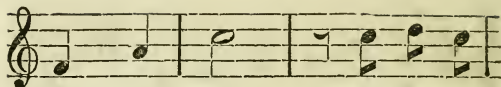




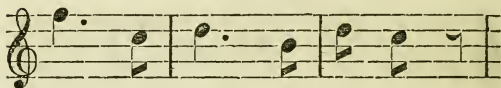

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No. 60, page 82.

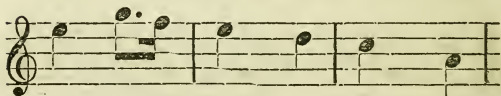




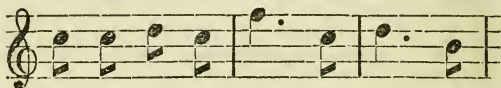
fes - tive day; Let the har -



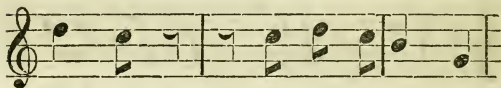
mo - nious choirs pro - claim



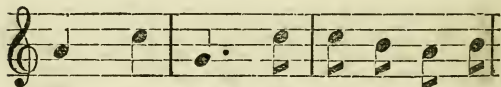
Ce - ci - lia's ev - er bless - ed



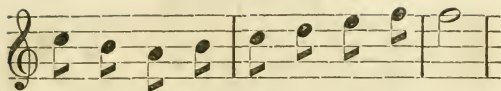
name, Let the har - mo - nious choirs pro -



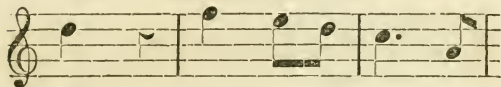
claim Ce - ci - lia's e - ver



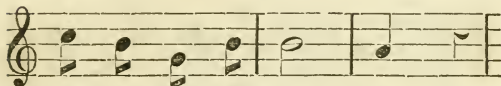
bless - ed name, Ce - ci - lia



with a two - fold crown



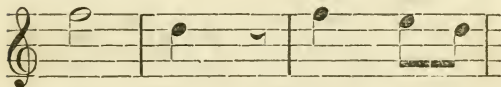
A - dorned in heaven, we



pray look down



On thy fer - vent vo - taries

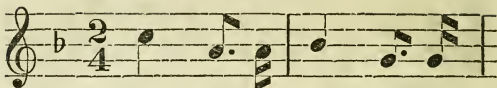


here, And hearken

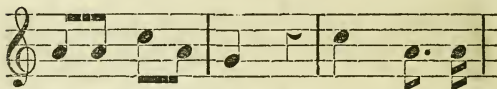


to their hum - ble prayer.

## No. 61, page 32.



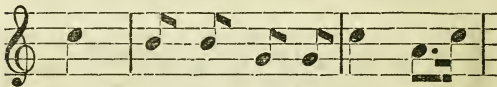
This day, with glad - ness,



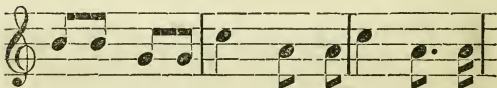
Christian choirs proclaim His com-bats



tri - umph, faith, and glorious name,

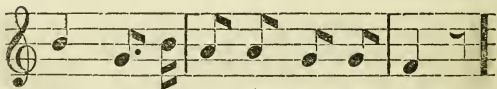


Who bold - ly Christ on earth confessed,  
And



now ex - alts a-mong the blessed.

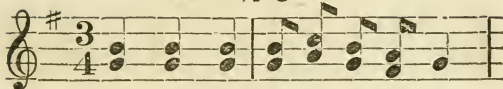
This day with



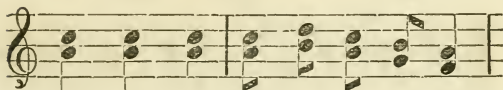
glad - ness, Chris-tian choirs pro-claim.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 62, page 13.



Though all the powers of hell surround,



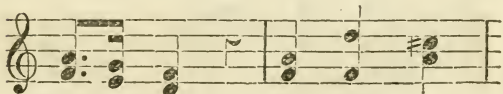
No e - vil will I fear ;



For while my Je - sus is my



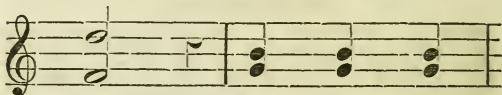
friend, No dan - ger can come



near,

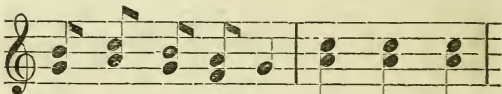


dan - ger can come

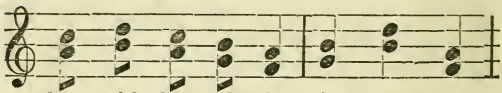


*pp*

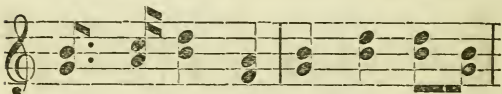
near. Then bless - ed



Je - sus! dwell with me. And make me



burn with love of thee; O bless - ed



Je - sus! live with me, Till I



may die,

Till



I may die and live with thee, Till I



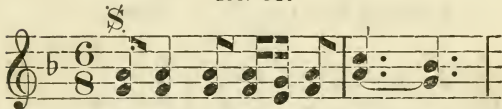
may die, Till



I may die and live with thee.



### No. 63.



Hail, Vir- gin dear- est Mary,



Our love - ly queen of May,



Our guide through paths so dreary,



To bright-est realms of day.



Thy chil- dren hum- bly bend - ing



A - round thy love - ly shrine,



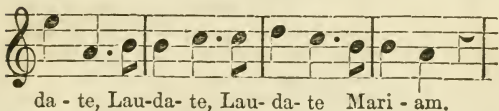
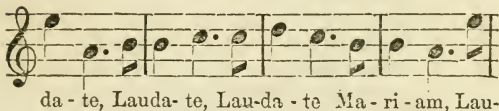
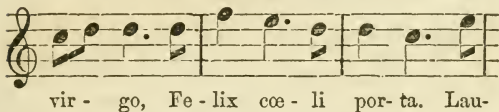
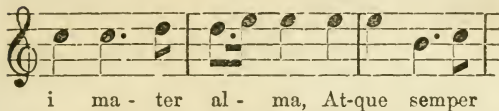
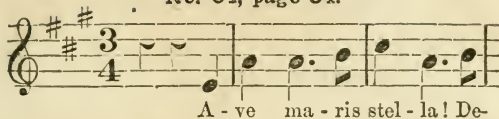
Their hearts and voices blend - ing,



In u - ni - son com - bine.



## No. 64, page 54.



THE END.

## CONTENTS.

	In the Sacred Melodies.
Hymns to the H. Ghost, .....	from page 3 to 7
“ “ B. Sacrament and for H. Com- munion, from page 7 to 21, and	page 89
“ “ of Praise and Joy, .....	22 to 30

## FOR THE FESTIVALS THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

	Page.
Hymns for Christmas, .....	42
“ “ Lent, .....	30 & 31
“ “ Passion Week, .....	33
“ “ Easter, .....	34
“ “ Ascension, .....	35
“ “ Pentecost, .....	37
“ “ Trinity Sunday, .....	38
“ “ Corpus Christi, .....	39 to 41
“ “ Sacred Heart of Jesus, .....	41
“ of the B. V. Mary, .....	44 to 69
“ “ “ “ .....	91 & 93
“ “ Angels and Saints, .....	68 to 72
“ “ St. Joseph, .....	72 to 76
“ “ St. Aloysius, .....	76
“ “ St. Stanislaus Kostka, .....	78
“ “ St. Francis Xaverius, .....	80
“ “ St. Patrick, .....	82
“ “ St. Rose of Lima, .....	84
“ “ St. Cecilia, .....	85
“ for Confessors .....	88

## ALPHABETICAL INDEX.

Nos. of Airs		Page in the S. S. Hymn Book.
28	Adoro te supplex, .....	9
22	All is but vanity, .....	37
34	Ave maris stella,.....	54
40	As the dewy shades, .....	61
44	Ave Maria, guardian, .....	65
36	Bright Mother of our, .....	56
50 & 51	Blest Spirits of light, .....	74
4	Come Holy Ghost, .....	4
12	Can it be that my God, .....	14
23	Christians, who of Jesus,.....	34
25	Come let us lift our,.....	48
37	Children of Mary, .....	57
43	Fading, still fading, .....	60
59	First floweret of the desert,.....	81
19	Hark, my soul how, .....	28
47	Hail, heavenly queen, .....	58
38	Hail Mary, Queen and Virgin, .....	59
43	Hail to the mistress, .....	68
43	Holy Mary, mother mild,.....	69
45	Hail Mary, O how pure,.....	70
52 & 53	Holy Patron, thee saluting, .....	75
55	Hibernia's champion, .....	80
63	Hail virgin, dearest Mary, .....	10
30	Litany S. Heart,.....	7
27	Let us give immortal, .....	49
32 & 33	Litany of B. V. M.,.....	51
60	Let the deep organ, .....	82
6, 7, 8, 9	My God, my life, .....	10
41	Mary our mother be,.....	62

Nos. of Airs.		Page in the S. S. Hymn Book.
14	O what could my Jesus, .....	17
42	O Mary, my mother, .....	63
39	O blest forever, .....	71
49	O God, how ought my, .....	73
54	O thou great favorite, .....	76
56	O ye angelic bands, .....	78
2, 3. & 5	Spirit Creator, .....	3
29	Saving host, we fall, .....	13
17	Sweet is the face, .....	25
18	Soldiers of Christ, .....	27
21	Saviour, when in dust, .....	38
11, 62	Though all the powers, .....	12
13	Take me, my Jesus, .....	17
15, 16	Thee, sovereign God, .....	20
20	The Lord himself, .....	31
61	This day with gladness, .....	32
31	To worship thy Redeemer, .....	41
55	The youth who wealth, ....	77
1	Veni Creator Spiritus, .....	3
26	Veni Sancte Spiritus, .....	6
10	What happiness can equal, .....	11
57	With grateful hearts let's all, .....	79
24	Young men and maids, .....	44

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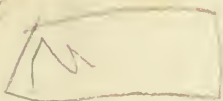
## ALL HYMNS OF

12	Syllables may be adapted to airs No. 42, 51.
10	" " " " 47, 54.
8	" " " " 40, 45, 56, 60.
8 & 6	Syllables " " 31, 32, 36.
7 & 6	" " " 17, 39.
6	" " " " 6, 7, 8, 9, 34, 35, 64.

the  
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